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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MY GRAVE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Make me a grave in the clover,
Where the sun will kiss the sod,
And through the green grass over
I can look up to God.
Plant never a yew nor myrtle
Above my low green bed,
But I'd like to have some daisies
Grow o'er me when I'm dead.

Death is not sorrowful to me:
It is only falling asleep
At night, to waken at morning,
No more to grieve nor weep!
God giveth to His beloved
The calm, sweet night of rest,
Before the morning breaketh
Of the long day of the blest.

Make me no tomb of marble;
It is all too grand and cold
For one who has loved the blossoms
And birds with a love untold.
Give me the earth for a pillow,
And the grass to cover my breast,
And a few flowers, fair and fragrant,
And leave me to my rest.

LEONIE'S MYSTERY.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

AUTHOR OF "SAVED AT LAST," "THE COST OF A SECRET," "RACHEL HOLMES," ETC.

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CHAPTER XXII.

A fortnight had passed since the day that Mark Lasley encountered Leonie at the Jew broker's, and received that overwhelming proof which made all his jealous suspicions of the past weeks certainties, and her refusal even then to speak sent him away, as he believed, forever.

He had wandered about like a restless ghost from one city to another—from one quiet country place, beautiful with early spring, to a fresh haunt, and found all alike made unendurable by the harrowing doubts that distracted him. A few years before, in the reckless-ness of his early youth, he would have tried to drown thought in dissipation, but he had grown weary of the miserable round of vices that are as old as the flood, and could not thus content himself. Intellectual occupation was an impossibility now, and unfortunately for his hopes of peace his wealth placed him beyond the necessities of business, so he had no refuge from his constant restless-ness.

He was bitterly angry with Leonie, but in spite of his jealousy he could not cast her out of his thoughts, for even in his darkest seasons there would constantly recur the reflection that he was wronging her—that the mystery in her life was something not caused by her fault—that she suffered through others, and deserved the most patient, faithful sympathy from him until the day came when she could clear it up.

At last that feeling grew so strong that he determined to write to her—to say that—to beg if it were possible to be allowed to aid her. But though he began many letters, they were all torn up unfinished. By the time morning came and he grew conscious that he had passed the entire night in that useless labor and the prey of such varied feelings, longer waiting became unendurable.

He was staying up at a secluded place he owned in the shadow of the Catskills, a spot to which he had always been attached by many boyish memories, but which it seemed to him he must hate henceforth—and by the first train that he could get he hurried back to town.

Once there, seated in his rooms, with the solitude appearing more complete than it had done in the country, he asked himself wearily why he had come, and cursed himself for an ass in having been so weak. He would not go near Mrs. Dormer—twenty times he vowed that, though all the while some power that seemed exterior to his will tugged at his heart and urged him to seek her.

At last he threw himself on his bed, and worn out by the sleepless nights of the past week, he fell into a troubled slumber, from which he did not wake until late in the afternoon; roused then by the culminating misery of a wretched dream which he could not clearly recall. He saw Leonie in some fearful peril, and was bound hand and foot, so that he could not aid her. As he struggles fiercely with his bonds he could see her in the distance—her white face turned appealingly upon him—her voice shrieking his name, and he woke with a wild cry, so shaken and disturbed that for some seconds the agonized tones seemed still ringing in his ear.

He sprang up, made some hasty change in his dress and went out. Without any distinct purpose in his mind he walked rapidly through the streets, and at length turned into the one where her residence was situated. He rang the door bell—only a fresh disappointment awaited him—the servant said Mrs. Dormer had gone to drive in the park. He turned away more angry than ever with himself for his folly. She was careless of his absence—she could go out—drive—amuse herself, oblivious of him and his suffering—oh, he was a triple fool.

As he ascended the steps he came face to face with Paul Andrews, who was sauntering leisurely down the street. Years before, while Lasley was still a very young man and Andrews yet well viewed by men's eyes, the two had been very intimate. Since then, the intimacy had ceased, though Lasley would always be friendly when they met and sometimes went to his house, refusing with the natural generosity of his disposition to aid in the work of pushing any man upon the downward road.

He would gladly have avoided him to-day, for he was in no mood to endure anybody's society, but as he was passing on with a brief salutation, Andrews laid a hand on his arm.

"Are you in great haste, Lasley?" he asked.

"Yes—no—not particularly," Mark replied.

"Then walk this way—I am glad I met you."

Mark could not well refuse; he would a little rather have not been seen arm in arm with Paul Andrews, but he did not show that.

"What is wanting?" he asked, struck by the unusual gravity of Andrews' face, and suddenly thinking that he might in some way need help. "Nothing wrong, I hope?"

"No—not with me," returned Andrews. "I say, Lasley, you and I used to be good friends."

"I am sure I thought we were so still."

"Not as we used to be; I'm not blind! Never mind, I don't complain—let the world give me the cold shoulder if it please—perhaps though I am not so black as I am painted."

"I never gave you the cold shoulder, Andrews."

"Never; you're too brave! I always liked you, Mark—I don't suppose my influence over you in the old days was very good, and I led you into a good many scrapes—but I liked you."

"I could have kept out of the scrapes if I had chosen," returned Lasley; "I'm not mean enough to lay my follies on any man's shoulders. But come, there's something on your mind—what are you driving at?"

"I am going to tell you—I dare say you'll be furious—maybe try to knock me down—but I shall tell you for the sake of the old days."

"Well?" Mark asked gravely.

"You had just been to call on Mrs. Dormer—"

"I see no necessity for dragging that lady's name into our conversation," interrupted Lasley.

"There is, though," returned the other; "it is about her that I want to speak."

"Then I don't think I care to hear."

"You are not afraid of the truth?" demanded Andrews with a covert sneer.

Lasley dropped his arm and faced round upon him.

"I think we will leave the subject," said he, "or I may try to carry your prediction about the knocking down into practice."

"I meant it kindly, Mark—I am speaking for your sake."

"Go on, then," said he roughly; "only choose your words carefully."

"You are crazy over that woman," continued Andrews; "I have seen that—"

"If that is all, I am not interested," he broke in again; "I probably know more about my own feelings than you could tell me."

"Be patient, Mark—let me speak! I swear I do it out of friendship to you—the man beside doesn't live for whom I would take the trouble."

His eyes and voice were so sincere that Lasley motioned him to go on.

"Seeing her as much as you have, I think you can't have failed to notice there is some mystery in her life?"

He paused and glanced narrowly at his companion, but Mark's face might have been cut out of granite for any revelation that it made.

"Well?" he asked. "If I had or had not?"

"At all events there is one."

"How do you know?" demanded Lasley fiercely.

"That I am not bound to tell you—yet I will. What it is I don't know, but something that ought to be cleared up before a man like you trusts his honor to her keeping."

A bitter taunt about Andrew's own ill success rose to Lasley's lips in his anger, but he was too manly to give it utterance.

"I know what you are thinking," said Andrews; "but never mind my experience—my wife is dead now, and whether she or I was most to blame doesn't matter."

"You must explain," Mark said. "You have spoken of a lady whom I admire and respect in a way that I will permit no man to do in my presence."

"I can do it easily," returned Andrews unmoved. "Some weeks since a fellow came on here whom I knew when I was in California. He's a handsome young animal—the worst man I know, and you know I'm not particular—among other things a notorious gambler—his name is Phil Yates."

"Well?" repeated Lasley again, but his voice shook a little now.

"He writes and receives letters almost daily from Mrs. Dormer—he has not told me the secret, but I know that he has some hold upon her, dating back to the time when she was in California after her husband's death."

"Mysterious, but not very terrible," said Mark. "Probably only the fellow's lies."

"Then why has she gone to-day to meet him up at Banker's?" asked Andrews, naming a hotel some ten miles up the Bloomingdale road, more famous as a resort for fast people of both sexes than would be agreeable for a woman careful of her reputation to visit.

"It's a lie!" Mark exclaimed hoarsely, raising his arm.

"Stop, Lasley! Don't make a scene in the street! Whatever I am, you know I am not a physical coward! Go and satisfy yourself—if it is not true come to me for satisfaction—you shall have it."

Without another word Lasley broke from him and dashed down the street and Andrews pursued his walk, muttering—

"I did do is out of kindness to him, for I always liked that boy—I think it pays the widow off nicely, too—I swore to no that—and she loves Mark—curse her."

During the long days that had elapsed since her interview with Billy Crofton, Leonie had not been able to get a word from Yates. She had only written once—after that she waited in a sort of reckless apathy till he should see fit to bring his shadow again across her way.

Only the night before there had come a note from him, appointing an interview at this hotel. Leonie knew nothing of the place except that the inns generally upon the road were the resorts of drinking men and turfists, but she knew that to ask to see him elsewhere would be useless, and see him she must—another week like these days would be the means of her taking a last drive up the beautiful road—but it would end at the mad house.

She took the precaution of hiring a carriage in the street and started on her expedition. However wrong the step might be she was forced to take it—at the worst if it were known, she only supposed that people would call her imprudent and unfeminine.

It was a long, tiresome drive to her, but the carriage stopped at last before a side entrance of the house—a respectable man-servant appeared and showed her into a quiet sitting-room that looked out into green fields and an orchard, with a pleasant grove on the hill beyond. She waited with what patience she might until long after the hour Yates had set, chafing under this last petty cruelty, till she could bear the confinement of the house no longer. She left word with the servant, who appeared familiar with Yates's name, that when he came she would be found on the hill, and hurried away.

It was almost sunset now; looking toward the west in a break of the trees, she could see the color brightening in the masses of cloud—the spring breeze sighed softly among the branches—the birds sang—a little brook crept away past her feet and hid itself with a pleasant murmur in the deeper recesses of the wood. Peace all around, and such a maddening tumult in her soul, and the blue sky looking so far off and so pitiless!

Suddenly her name was called; she started forward; the first expression in her face was anger—again the voice called—

"Leonie, Leonie!"

A great terror and loathing swept whitely over her features; she turned, and with the terror forced out of her countenance by some effort of her imperious will, with only the loathing and scorn left there now, faced the man who had haunted her life so ruthlessly and made so empty a mockery of her envied existence by his coming—he was there, and she stood regarding him with those terrible eyes which would have slain him if looks could kill.

SINTO TEMPLE AT YOKO-HAMA, JAPAN.

The two religious systems in Japan are Sintuism and Buddhism. The Sun goddess, Ten-sio-dai-sin, is the chief deity of Sintuism; but there are thousands of inferior ones, called Kami, of whom the greater number are deified men. It inculcates the worship of the kami, both in temples and private habitations, and pilgrimage at certain seasons. The principal decorations of their temples consist of images of the kami; a mirror, the emblem of the purity of the soul; and various strips of white paper, called gobei, also an emblem of purity. On festivals, the worshipper visits a temple, performs his ablutions in a reservoir provided for the purpose, kneels in the veranda, from whence, through a grated window, he gazes at the mirror, offers up his prayers, with his sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, drops his coin into the money-box, and retires.

CHAPTER XXIII.

For several moments the pair stood contemplating each other in silence, while a storm of emotion, in which the whole history of her suffering and humiliation was revealed, swept across Leonie Dormer's face; but under all and through all, whether pain or rage was predominant for the instant, that overwhelming scorn and loathing were always visible.

He did not seem to be greatly affected thereby, meeting her keen glance with a smile of mocking bravado that made his handsome, dissipated face more unpleasant than absolute ugliness would have been. Apparently Leonie was determined not to speak first—but at length the silence became unendurable to her and she cried out—

"What have you come to say, Philip Yates? Tell me at once what you want."

It was evident from the expression in his eyes that he had means to force her into breaking the stillness, and that he was gratified by this slight token of supremacy, though if the words had been flung at a dog they could not have been more scornfully uttered.

"What do I want?" he repeated. "That is not very difficult to divine I should think! I might ask the question of you though, since for the last month you have done nothing but write me notes asking for this interview."

"And I perfectly understood your reason for putting me off," she replied. "It gratified your malice to make me wait—you hoped to keep me in constant dread, knowing that you were near, and uncertain what step you might take."

"What discernment you have," said he, with a sneer.

"At least I know you! This war with a woman is quite in your line—at least you think there is no danger in it."

The withering contempt in her voice smote through all his armor; a flush mounted to his forehead, and his mouth set with a cold ferocity that she only remembered too well.

"We'll not have any more of this," he said, sullenly, "unless you want me to go away and leave you just where you have been during these last weeks."

She was mentally upbraiding herself for her folly in wasting anger upon him, which could only serve to place herself in a more painful position—but it was almost impossible to stand opposite him, remembering the wreck he had made of her life, and keep down the torrent of wrath and scorn which swelled in her soul. She turned her back on him for a few seconds, walked away a little distance, and stood struggling more violently with her emotions than she had ever yet been obliged to do. Yates remained quiet, switching the grass with a fanciful stick he held in his hand, while gradually the flush of anger faded from his face as he watched her, and the old mocking smile came back at this evidence of his power.

She turned and faced him again, composed as himself, saying, in a cold, hard voice—

"Since you do not choose to speak, I will ask my questions first."

"And I shall listen with that rapt attention which Mrs. Dormer is accustomed to receiving from my sex," returned he. "Now then for question first."

"To how many people have you made my secret known?" demanded she, in the same voice.

"If you think I have to any, I wonder you wanted to see me—for the interview would be useless," he answered.

"Oh, no subterfuge, Philip Yates! I don't suppose you have told it outright—but I know your way! You have hinted—made people suspect—set them watching—given them occasion to whisper their poisonous gossip to others."

"To whom have I given this opportunity?"

"To your friend—a fit friend for you—Paul Andrews, for one; to that girl whose acquaintance you made—heaven knows how—for another; I want to hear to whom else."

"You mistake," he said, with an assumption of forbearance, that was more irritating than his impertinent manner; "it would not have suited my purpose to tell anybody. My friend Andrews knows that I am well acquainted with you—that you favor me with pretty notes—nothing more."

"The letter I left for you at the Jew's, was in his hands—he answered it."

"But he had not read it—I dictated the reply. As for little Miss Crofton—pretty little girl, isn't she?—how she does hate you, to be sure! I met her at Paul's house—I sent you a message by her—but she never knew what it meant."

"All this to torment and try to terrify me," she said.

"That last you said I never could do," sneered he.

Again she struggled with her rising passion; he could see in surge and blaze in the angry splendor of her eyes—but she would not speak till she could make her voice calm again.

"You promised to keep out of my sight—to leave my life clear at least from the pollution of your presence," she said.

"Did I?" he asked, with an insolent laugh. "Well, you know I don't always keep my promises."

"I might have known that you would not regard the most solemn pledge," retorted she, bitterly. "What is any sort of promise to a man like you?"

"What is it? Why nothing, of course. That point being settled, we needn't waste more words over it."

"I am a fool to waste any words upon you," returned she, with sudden defiance, and made a movement to leave him, after all that she had dared to gain this interview.

"I think," he said, in a soft, silky voice, fuller of menace than the most wrathful tones could have been; "I think you had better not go just yet—I wouldn't go."

She shuddered; not with disgust and horror alone—the old dread was in her face, and he saw it.

"Are you afraid?" he asked, tauntingly.

"It was only the recollection of the time when your voice made me so," she answered, "that was all. I am not afraid now, for I am desperate."

She did not speak the words with any melodramatic violence; she neither gesticulated or flung her arms about like the heroine of a sensation novel, but there was full assurance of the truth of her words in the low repressed tone in which she uttered them.

"I have been that for a good many years—so there is one thing in common between us," said he, coolly.

She seemed ready again to leave him

without another syllable—but as before, the hasty movement was checked by the galling recollection of her own helplessness, the imperative necessity of knowing just where she stood.

"I thought you would not go," said he; "it might not be so easy to whistle me back the moment you wished."

"Tell me what you want, and be done," she exclaimed impatiently.

"I waited thinking you were going to do theatre," returned he. "I used to enjoy hearing you talk impromptu blank verse, and thought you were about to favor me again."

"I am going to do nothing of the sort! I ask you as I would any other highwayman, what it is you want."

"I suppose you were surprised when you first heard of my arrival," he said, without paying the least attention to her words.

"I did not take that trouble," she answered.

"There were numerous reasons why I came on from California," he continued; "some of them would not interest you—"

"None of them would," she interrupted.

"Being matters entirely personal to myself," he went on, as if she had not uttered her scornful parenthesis. "But there were others in which you were concerned—and as you appeared to pay very little attention to my letters—"

"I answered all that needed reply," she broke in again, finding it more difficult to control herself from the composure with which he talked.

"But not," I grieve to say, in a spirit that did you credit," said he, with an insolent imitation of patience and regret that were hard to bear.

"I received one from you and had replied to it, when I saw your name in the list of passengers for New York, and knew that you had broken your word."

"Scarcely that," said he, with the air of a person endeavoring to explain matters in a friendly manner, "I had learned certain things which showed you were not dealing quite fairly by me."

"Perhaps," she exclaimed, flaming into momentary passion, "you expected me to consent to your horribly insolent demand—no, even you with all your hardihood, could not have expected that—it was only an added degradation you wished to make me feel."

"I said I discovered you were not dealing fairly by me, my Lady Leonie—and I always mean people to do that or suffer the consequences," said he, quietly, but with a meaning gleam in his eyes.

"You heard that I had received a portion of my fortune, you mean, and were afraid you might not get a lion's share of it," retorted she.

"Plainly put—very good;" said he, quite unmoved.

"If you had waited to get the answer I wrote to your letter, you would have known that I was willing to buy your absence at a good price."

"Then you should have been more explicit the day you met me on Long Island."

She shuddered at the recollection of that interview.

"You know why I did not—you would not talk of terms; you dared to insult me by words, you knew I would not bear—"

"Take care, Leonie," he interrupted.

"Yes," she cried, "I will; for my own sake, though—I don't wish to remember. Well, you came—came to make a better bargain for yourself—to trade upon my fears! To do that to still more advantage, you refused money that first day—stole my ring—have kept me waiting since, haunted by the idea that you might at any moment appear."

"These are only assertions," he replied, with the same mocking smile, as she paused, breathless from the excitement with which she had spoken; "positively uttered, it is true, but only assertions—they prove nothing."

"Oh," cried she, striking her hands together, with a rage that she could not subdue; "one thing was proved long ago—that you were the meanest of your sex. Why, they say that women are noted for their ability to torture and wound in every little miserable way, but you show that a mean man is much more ingenious and contemptible."

"This is better," said he, with an air of relish: "this is more like your old self—exaggerated and theatrical. Now I recognize you again; but you haven't called me a fiend, yet."

"No," returned she; "the devils themselves would never be so cowardly in their baseness as you are! Why, they must be ashamed to own that you are kindred to them in any way."

The intense scorn in her voice seemed to touch him at last, and the mocking curl about his lips deepened to a smile of absolute ferocity, as he said—

"This woman allowed me to love her; she led me on; she wished for a slave to her caprices—"

"It is false, false!" she broke in. "I have been guilty of enough in the way coquetry—but never where you were concerned. You did deceive me at first, in spite of my instincts, into thinking well of you, but you showed your real character too soon."

"Too soon!" he repeated, with a sneer, from which she shrank as if he had struck at her with a knife. "It seems to me if that were so, a woman as bad tempered and imperious as you are, would hardly be standing here now."

"What a weak, miserable idiot I am to do it," she cried.

"You want to hold your own before the world—you want to be admired and courted! You come of a great family which must not be tainted by such histories as are common enough with others—that is why."

"Don't try me too far," she said. "I told you I was desperate—I am! If I can be free from your presence in no other way, I'll tell the whole story—publish it far and near. We will see if there is not some man left with honor, to lash your soul out—a hound's death—fit end for such a life."

"And where would you be after?"

"Free from the possibility of seeing your face, at all events."

"A theme for gossip—subject for newspaper paragraphs—worst of all, pitied by the people who have envied you; that would be the hardest of all to bear—oh, I know you."

"You do know me—you have traded on that knowledge; but I warn you—push me too far, and I will do as I have said, regardless of the consequences to myself."

It was no vain threat, no momentary passion; he saw in her face that she meant every word; she was desperate—he could read that.

"Perhaps you imagine that I don't understand your new reason for wanting to be rid of me—but you may take your oath there is nothing concerns you that I don't find out."

"I neither known nor care what you mean! Tell me what you want, and let me be rid of you."

"What if that was just what I did not mean to do?"

"Then you know the alternative."

"I loved you once," he said; "heart and soul I was your slave—and you knew it."

"When you dared to tell me so, I told you how I loathed and abhorred you," she exclaimed.

"I loved you; it was all very well to be friends away off in California—but when you got your money back, returned among your fine people, I must not come near."

"I think you have already had as much good of the money as I," returned she. "You have not scrupled to wring every penny from me that you could—and I a woman."

"I suppose I might be said to have a right to it—but that's not to the point! You want to know what brought me North—I told you—to see you. By heaven, I have never been able to decide whether I loved or hated you most—but I always meant to have my revenge."

"Revenge for having insulted me—persecuted me—made my life one long purgatory—you wanted revenge!"

"I wanted to come back into your life just when my presence would make you the most trouble, and that is now—for this time I believe you are in earnest; I believe you love that man you have had dangling about you—I know everthing about last winter."

She was not moved by his revelation, as he had expected; she was neither frightened nor enraged.

"You love Mark Lasley—you need not deny it. I did make a little mistake at first—I rather thought it was Thorman—but I soon saw that you were only in hopes of his being able to help you, because he knew there was some trouble between you and me. I paid him off for his impudence, though, pretty effectually too—for he loved that girl. Well, what do you stand there silent for—you can't deny the truth of what I have said."

"You have foiled yourself for once," she answered; "the recollection of you would have kept me from loving any man—I should have known you would do what you have."

"One would have thought you might have remembered my nature enough to expect it," said he.

"But you have overreached yourself! How could I think of love when I was helpless as a prisoner chained in his cell?"

"You do love Mark Lasley," he reiterated.

"Whether I do or not can make no difference to you—no difference in my fate."

"It makes this difference—it makes me want to be revenged on you both; that is a difference, I think. He and I were near a quarrel not long since—better have a care for him—he is not much more patient than you or I."

He was looking straight in her eyes, but her stern experience in hiding emotion stood her in good stead now. Though his words sent a chill like that of death to her very soul, she made no outward sign. In that fearful second of reflection which followed his speech, her dizzy brain contemplated the awful chances which might at any moment overtake Mark Lasley, if she could not convince this man that her heart at least was untouched. All this dreary thought, rapid as lightning, though it seemed to her an age before she could force her lips to move in answer.

"How very good of you to confide the gentleman to my care," said she, in her most careless, unfeeling voice. "But you need not put yourself to so much trouble—I fancy he is quite capable of taking care of himself."

"We'll see that," retorted he.

She shrugged her shoulders with a pretence of indifference that roused him into fierce wrath at the idea that he had been mistaken in supposing that he had found a fresh and more potent source of influence over her.

"When you like and as you like," said she; "it is as likely to be your blood as his—at all events I am far past the time when blood letting for any man could disturb me."

"I do believe you are a fiend," he cried out.

"I do believe I am," returned she, with a triumphant thrill in her voice that he could not understand. "At least you may believe that there is no power which can move me—no threat that can terrify me either for myself or another."

He muttered something under his breath, and stood for a moment irresolute.

"Have you finished all that you came to say?" demanded she, in the same sneering voice.

"That is for me to decide; I shall say what I please—"

"At least you shall be quick about it," she interrupted, determined to follow up the advantage she had gained.

"You are very bold to-day! You trust to my old love for your keeping me silent still."

"Your love!" she cried. "Why if I believed it was that kept you silent, I'd not rest an instant owing anything to that—I'd shriek the whole story out in the streets."

"You're mad—absolutely mad!" replied he.

"Mad and worse—can't you understand yet what I said—it would be better to say that I am mad—I am desperate. Now see—enough of this—I'll have no more."

"You'll have no more—you!"

"Yes; it is in my hands now."

He tried to laugh, but he was startled by the change in her looks and words—she could see that.

"I think you will alter your tone, when you find that I am taking steps to make everything known."

"It is what I want—what I will have—how, I care not, so it be done quickly! I have borne enough—suffered enough—I will endure no more—"

"But you shall, worse."

"Impossible! I am past the power of suffering—every feeling I had is dead—killed! I only want to be at peace—and I will. Go tell your story—publish it far and near—only make me free of you—go!"

"I'll tell it in my own time and my own way," he said.

"Do it," she repeated; "I ask nothing more of you! No matter what came after, I should accept it as happiness compared to the degradation of being exposed to meet you—hearing your voice—reading your letters—being reminded of you in any sort."

She could not restrain the passion with which she had spoken, though she saw that it only gratified his malice; she could read in his wicked smile the pleasure it was to hear her make confession of the torture any association with him caused her to feel.

"Yes," he continued, "I'll tell it in my own time and I'll choose my own method—at present I don't see fit to tell it at all."

"What do you expect to gain by that?" she asked. "I have told that there is nothing to be hoped by holding your power back—you can't frighten me out of my resolve—I am utterly careless what means you choose."

"For awhile I want you to live with all this hanging over your head," he answered, through his clenched teeth. "I want you to suffer a tithe of what I have done—to feel that in spite of your pride and your will, the adulation that surrounds you, yes, and your hatred of me, your scorning even to touch my hand, that in spite of this, I say, there never breathed a slave more abject and weak than you."

He poured out the exaggerated, insane sounding words with a violence of look and gesture that made them horribly real, but Leonie was unmoved.

"You mistake," she said, "I was only weak while I feared you, but since I have ceased to care for the worst that may come, your power is already gone."

There was murder in his face—she saw it plainly in the horrible passion which her words roused in his breast, but she had no fear. He might have felled her to the earth and trampled her life out under his heel, she would not have allowed even a supplication for mercy to escape her lips—she would have thanked him with her last breath for ending her pangs, and so foiled him every way. He realized more and more then that she had told him the truth—she was desperate, and there lives nothing under high heaven so utterly reckless and immoveable as a woman who has been driven to that pass, whatever shape her insanity may assume.

"I believe you'd like me to kill you," he muttered.

"I am not afraid to die, Philip Yates," she answered. "God has punished me so bitterly already that I am certain no where in eternity shall I have to see your face."

"I'll make your name so infamous," he hissed, "that if you walk the streets the very beggars shall hoot at you—that if you dare to show your face among your fine friends they will shrink from you as if you had leprosy."

"I should not care," her voice rang out firm and clear.

"I'll make you so great a horror to the man you love that he would sooner look at the meanest painted thing that walks the streets," he shouted.

"If there were such a man, Philip Yates," she cried, undaunted still, "the shadow of your presence about my life would long since have driven him from me—every way foiled, every way powerless—I defy you!"

"You feel that just now, because you are in one of your blind rages," he said more quietly.

"No; because I have nothing more to lose—because my life is wrecked! Had you consented when you first came East to my demands, I might still have clung to existence; but I am worn out, tired, I care for nothing—nobody!"

"I think there will be a change when you find what I can do—when people begin to look askance at you from the reports I will have spread abroad."

"I shall only smile—I have expected it."

"When you pick up a newspaper and find your name and story in it, and know it has gone over the length and breadth of the land."

"Not even then! I shall not wait for that! One other step on your part—no matter what, whether falsehoods to others or persecution to me, and I tell the whole truth and deliver myself forever from the fear of your presence. I can bear the world's laugh, or worse, its sympathy—nothing else would fall to my share."

"Only I should tell the story in my own fashion," sneered he. "Do you want to hear how different I can make it sound?"

"But I can bring proof—"

"Bah! Do you think the world would not believe the blackest side? I thought you knew it better."

"Then I say again, it would not matter!"

If it had been a figure carved from marble and endued with the power of speech, the voice could not have been more unyielding, the white features more set and stony. He had sought this interview, meaning to drive her to desperation, but not this sort. He had believed that after the agonizing suspense of these past weeks she would be glad to snatch at any means which he might offer that should leave her life outwardly free from him. He was so utterly vile and degraded himself that he could not understand the possibility of purity or uprightness in another, and her very defiance made the mad passion which he called love burn with new fury in his heart.

"You have heard the last words that I will speak," she said; "I will abide by them! Come near me again—presume to force yourself into my presence, and I will protect myself, though the whole land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, should ring with belief of the worst history your malice could invent."

"I wouldn't leave you alone then," he cried; "don't think it—I'll never leave you alone."

Then followed mad speeches from her—fierce replies from him; unconsciously they had spoken more loudly, when they were both brought back to their senses by the sound of footsteps coming up the ascent and a voice that called in anger and alarm—

"Mrs. Dormer—Leonie!"

At the same instant they saw Mark Lasley appear on the summit of the hill—stand for an instant as if paralyzed, then hurry toward them. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ The Prussian medical staff at Metz, complain, do what they will, they cannot break the French convalescents of their craving for horseflesh. They will eat it, notwithstanding that they are receiving rations of mutton. The doctors oppose their eating horseflesh because they think that the entire change of diet will operate as much as anything in effecting a cure.

☞ James Russell, of Sutton, N. H., committed suicide the other day by hanging himself in his barn. A piece of paper was found, on which was written: "I came into the world in 1800, have lived seventy years and seen the machine, but don't understand it. I came into the world by the neck, and if they will accept me, will go out by the neck."

☞ The German army is officered almost exclusively by the aristocracy.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, Dec. 10, 1870.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that beautiful magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $6.00; Five copies (and one extra) $8.00; Eight copies (and one extra) $12.00. One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ *Club subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra*. To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it *for two dollars*.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

Subscribers, in order to save themselves from loss, should, if possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order*. If a draft cannot be had, send a check payable to our order on a National Bank; if even this is not procurable, send United States notes and register the letter. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges. Always be sure to name your Post-office, County, and State.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Grover & Baker's No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of THE POST and the LADY'S FRIEND.

Samples of THE POST will be sent for 5 cents—of the Lady's Friend for 10 cents. Samples of both will be sent *free* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,

319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

Leonie's Mystery.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

We began this fine story in THE POST of October 8th.

We design printing an extra edition of this story, sufficient to supply back numbers to all new subscribers up to January.

Still, as the extra edition *may* not hold out, it will be well for all who wish to avail themselves of our liberal offers, to send on their subscriptions as early as possible.

A NEW STORY BY MRS. WOOD.

We have made arrangements with Mrs. Henry Wood for a new story to be published in THE POST. We will announce the title, and time of publication, hereafter.

It is always the aim of Mrs. Wood in her stories, to combine a high degree of interest with the inculcation of some moral lesson. And it is this which renders her stories such favorites with the great majority of readers. Those who speak of her as a merely "sensational" writer, simply have caught up a parrot cry, and show their utter ignorance of her works.

NEW STORY BY AIMARD.

We know a certain portion of our readers—especially the boys and young men—are spoiling for a story of adventure.

And therefore we design commencing in our first paper in January, a stirring story by Gustave Aimard, author of "The Queen of the Savannah," "The Last of the Incas," &c.

OUR PLANS.

Sometimes we deviate in publishing novelets from our arranged programme, and the reason is this, that we find we can do better for our readers. We occasionally have to push aside something that is not entirely satisfactory, or which is able to wait, for some first-rate thing that will not wait. And as in doing this we act entirely for the benefit of our readers, we expect them to have faith enough in us to believe that such is the case, and that, if they knew all the circumstances, they would wish us to do so.

This, not in answer to any complaint, for we have had none, but in order that there may be a perfect understanding between us and our readers. It is of course both our interest and our desire to do what will please them best.

THE FOUNTAIN CITY.

Philadelphia has added to her title of "city of brotherly love," that of "the fountain city." She has taken the lead in originating a system of fountains, having a society for that express object. At the recent annual meeting of this society, the report of the Secretary stated that twenty fountains have been erected in the past year, which, with eleven erected in 1869, make a total of thirty-one fountains now in use. Four of these fountains are surmounted by statues. All of these fountains, we believe, have been erected by private subscription. Let the good work go on. We trust to see the time when during the summer months, the streets of Philadelphia shall have two streams of water, one on each side, continually running through them—when, in fact, there shall not only be enough water to use, but to "waste," in keeping the gutters and sewers perfectly clean and pure.

AHEAD.

The *North American* of this city says that Pennsylvania leads the van of states in actual increase of population, her absolute gain being 979,000, while the largest gain in any other state is Illinois, 828,265, followed by Missouri 521,000, Iowa 502,602, and New York 490,000. Our gain in Pennsylvania, if this statement be correct, is more than twice that of New York, and more than one hundred thousand beyond that of Illinois. This is somewhat of a surprise to us, as we presume it will be to the nation.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

As we write this, we have news from the French that General Ducrot, with 150,000 men, has broken through the besieging lines at Paris, and formed a junction with General D'Aurelles, who commands the army of the Loire—thus in fact raising the siege of Paris.

On the other hand, we have a denial of the reported French successes from Prussian sources.

We also have a statement that there is to be an European Conference held, at which the Russian difficulty will be peaceably settled.

—Since writing the above the following has come to hand:—

LONDON, Dec. 8.—By sifting the vast number of confused and contradictory war despatches received up to a late hour this morning, the fact is undeniable that the French forces yesterday actually won a victory, as claimed by them, near Orleans, but that the Germans certainly repulsed the French attack before Paris. It is not true that the French Army of the Loire effected a junction with Trochu, though the Prussian lines were repeatedly and successfully pierced during the engagement. The bayonet charges of the French were exceedingly brilliant.

THE AUTUMN.—The present Autumn has been about the finest we have ever had in Eastern Pennsylvania. The temperature during November was three degrees above the average, and from the weather tables for Philadelphia it appears that there were twenty days perfectly clear, three on which it rained, three cloudy, two when showers fell, one on which it snowed, and one foggy. The depth of rain during the entire month was two and three-tenths inches. October was also a beautiful, genial month. The remark has been universal, "What a magnificent Autumn!"

OUR LETTERS.

Mrs. S. E. G., of Cambria, Wisconsin, writes:—

"For variety of instruction and entertainment, I know of nothing equal to THE POST."

Mrs. I. V. J., of Quitman, Texas, says:—

"I am so far out in the wilderness, that I should find it lonely indeed were it not for the weekly and monthly visits of literary periodicals—and yours I find second to none. Having been taking them four years, I ought to be a competent judge."

Mr. J. H., of Hartford, Iowa, says:—

"A few days ago a stray number of THE POST got to this town. I must renew my acquaintance with it, though I have no idea I shall peruse it with the eagerness that I did when a boy 45 years ago."

Superficial Education.

General Edmund Shriver, Inspector of the United States Military Academy at West Point, in his last annual report, remarks upon the superficial education acquired by the candidates for admission to that institution. He says that it is no longer unusual to find candidates rejected at West Point for deficiency in the primary branches of a common school education in possession of diplomas from reputable colleges, attesting their proficiency in many kinds of knowledge. He further says that though the requirements for admission are not beyond the capacity of an ordinary pupil of the common schools, yet it is doubtful whether one-tenth of the candidates for admission to West Point could pass the preliminary examination without the one year's preparatory study required by law.

A CORRESPONDENT graphically describing the horrors of hospital gangrene at Metz, writes: "Here is a house in the Isle de Saulay in which there are five sick men and two corpses. There is a doctor with them—a lone man, for the very women, with their tender hearts steeled by the terror of the dread infection, have run away. The doctor is an American, a mere youth in years, but there is gray already in his hair, and he tells me that the last six weeks have made him feel as an old man. With every breath he inhales he risks his life nearly as much as if he held his fist into the cage of a cobra de capella." We ought to have been told the name of such a hero. If this is not leading a forlorn hope, what is?

☞ The English papers say that the ex-Empress of the French is setting an excellent example to all around her by the simplicity and neatness of her attire. She always appears in a costume of brown, black, violet, or some sombre hue.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WONDERS OF BODILY STRENGTH AND SKILL, IN ALL AGES AND ALL COUNTRIES. Translated and Enlarged from the French of Guillaume Depping, by CHARLES RUSSELL. With Humorous Illustrations. Published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada. This is the last issued volume of that popular "library of wonders," published by Messrs. Scribner & Co.

NATURE'S ARISTOCRACY; OR, BATTLES AND WOUNDS IN TIME OF PEACE. A Plea for the Oppressed. By Miss JENNIE COLLINS. Edited by Rufus H. Conwell. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PLANS AND PLANK; OR, THE MISHAPS OF A MECHANIC. By OLIVER OPTIC, author of "Young America Abroad," "The Army and Navy Stories," etc. With Fourteen Illustrations. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

PRUDY KEEPING HOUSE. By SOPHIE MAY, author of "Little Prudy Stories," "Dotty Dimple Stories," etc. Illustrated. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston; Lee, Shepard & Dillingham, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

MAJOR JONES'S COURTSHIP. With additional letters, and thirteen engravings, from original designs by Darley. Published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philada.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. For October. Contains "The War between France and Germany," "Sir Henry Bulwer's Life of Lord Palmerston," "Prevost-Paradol and Napoleon III.," "Mismanagement of the British Navy," "The French and German Armies, and the Campaign in France," "Von Sybel's History of the Revolutionary Epoch," "German Patriotic Songs," "Inefficiency of the British Army," "Terms of Peace." Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

GOOD HEALTH. For December. Contains "Eye-sight and the Microscope," "Means of Preserving Health," "The Rationale of Toys," "Artificial Eyes—How and why they are Worn," "Pure Water," "Bread made from Whole Wheat," "Medicine in the Dark Ages," "Leprosy," "Consumption, History, Part 1." "The Barometer or Weather Glass," etc., etc. Published by Alexander Moore, Boston.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. For December. Contains "The Last of the Sibyls," "Life in the Bush," "Tom and his Wife," "Pansies," "Gray's Peak—To it and up it," "A Frontier Post and Country," "A Naturalist's Rambles in Northern Mexico (1)," "Mother Hoxley," "Aspasia," "Walkers's Administration in Kansas," "Mr. Ela's Story," "Manitoba—The Red River Country," "A Canoe-Cruise in the Coral Sea," "His answer to Her Letter," Current Literature, etc. Published by John H. Carmany & Co., San Francisco.

THE TECHNOLOGIST. For December. Contains "Hydraulic Stone Breaker," "Native Phosphates," "Ericsson's Solar Engine," "Cements—Ancient and Modern," "Condensed Living," "Invention by Accident," and other first-class papers. Issued by the Industrial Publication Company, New York.

THE HERALD OF HEALTH. For December. Contains "Effects of Alcoholic Beverages on the Body," "The Young, and their Associates," "Rhymes," "What are Tears," "A Sound Heart," "Woman's Wrongs," "Alone," "The Blossom of the Day," "Men vs. Money," "What I think of Kindergartens," "The Treatment of the Insane without Mechanical Restraint," "Florida as a Winter Residence," and other articles. Published by Wood & Holbrook, New York.

☞ Some idea of the railway travel into and out of London may be had from the fact that the total number of trains entering and leaving the city in one day is fifty-four per hour, or very nearly one per minute during the whole twenty-four hours of the day; and this immense business is conducted with a freedom from accident that is almost exemption.

☞ The Saturday Review says:—"The only fact that can be predicted, with any degree of confidence, of many youths, is that providence does not seem to have designed them for anything in particular."

☞ Webster's spelling-book supported his family for twenty years, while he was engaged in preparing his dictionary, by its copyright income of less than one cent per copy.

☞ Carbines, rifles, revolvers, artillery, cartridges, and other war materials are being shipped from this country by the millions of dollars worth, for the use of the belligerents in Europe. The manufacturers of these articles are at present making more money than fell to their lot during our own bloody troubles. At present all Europe (including the Powers not engaged in hostilities) is a very heavy purchaser of American weapons of destruction.

☞ THE MOSQUITO BAR.—Dr. Horace Walker states that the mosquito bar is a valuable preventive against malarial influences, and gives his experience in the use of them while travelling in some of the most unhealthy portions of Africa, sometimes journeying by canoe for twenty-five days without contracting any illness from fever.

☞ "Shaun," Ivan, Juan (which last is pronounced by the Spaniards very much like the Irish "Shaun") are all varieties of the same John.

☞ An economical man can live comfortably on two cents a day in Japan.

☞ A French functionary who was present at the capitulation of Soissons states that when the balls began to whistle about their heads he saw the regular troops by hundreds throw down their arms, unbuckle their knapsacks and run away as hard as they could. The same thing occurred at Orleans and in other places.

☞ "KISSING FOR FUN."—It isn't safe to indulge in "kissing for fun" in New York. In a suit in the common pleas court, in which the defendant admitted that he had kissed the complainant, "just for fun, you know," the jury decided that the proceeding was calculated to raise hopes of marriage, and accordingly brought in a verdict of $150 for the party kissed. A silly jury.

☞ The publication of some of the private correspondence of the Empress Eugenie must only naturally increase the sympathy felt for her in her exile. The letters were evidently never meant for the public eye, and are full of the warmest expressions of affection for her husband and son.

Remedy for Drouth.

The extreme drouth which has prevailed in many parts of the country, drying up the brooks, destroying the fish, and, in many places, making a total failure of corn and potatoes, leads us to inquire for a remedy. Is there any? Has man any power over nature? Can we add to, or diminish, the rainfall? There are many facts in the history of the old world, which go to show that man has much of this power, and that he may so direct his labors as to modify very essentially the climate, as well as the soil. Countries once fertile are now nearly barren, and sustain but a handful of people. Their brooks are dried up, and the rain-fall is greatly diminished. On the other hand, wells sunk in the desert make an oasis, and the spot of verdure increases with the passing years, until showers fall upon the parched sands. A remarkable instance of the effect of man's labors upon climate is now going on in the Great Salt Lake Valley in our own country. When the Mormons first settled this region, they were entirely dependent upon irrigation for their crops. The supply of water was small, and they feared lest with the increase of their population, there might not be at last enough to irrigate all their lands, and famine must stare them in the face. But they have tilled their lands, planted trees, which are now large and completely embower their city, and their gardens are full of fruit trees and flowering shrubs. Many thousands of acres, once barren, have been made more productive than in rainy climates. Enormous sums have been spent in bringing water by artificial channels from the distant mountains to make these now fertile fields. The face of the earth has been changed, and there has been a corresponding change in the climate. They now have rains from the sky, almost enough to meet the wants of growing crops, a thing unheard of until within a few years. The effect of the increased rain-fall in the Valley has had a very marked effect upon the Great Salt Lake, which is 126 miles long by 45 miles wide. It has risen 12 feet since the Mormon occupation, and the water has a smaller proportion of salt. Formerly it took three gallons of water to make one of salt, now it requires four. The change has also affected the streams that flow through the Valley, and it is estimated that the same channels carry twice as much water as formerly, for the purposes of irrigation. These facts are very encouraging, not only to the Mormons, but to the settlers along the line of the Pacific Railroad, where there is little rain. It may be expected that irrigation, and cultivation, and the planting of trees will gradually work a change in the climate, and make rainless regions productive. There can be no doubt that the removal of forests from a country has a tendency to diminish the rain-fall, and to make the showers less frequent as well as less abundant. If the clearing process is carried too far, we do not have rain enough to give us average crops. The most desirable proportion of forest to cleared fields is reckoned in France at one of the former to four of the latter, and the government of that country regulates forest culture for the general good. In this country there is no regulation, and every man follows his own sweet will in destroying trees. We think the time is not far distant, when our Government will have to look after this matter, and place some restriction upon the removal of forests, and encourage the planting of trees upon the prairies, and in the rainless regions. Wood and timber are growing very scarce and high, in some of the older parts of the country; and streams once full of water are now nearly dry for the larger part of the year. We very much want information disseminated upon this subject. The instinct of self-preservation, if it were enlightened, would lead farmers to preserve their forests upon the mountains and hills, in which our streams take their rise, and not to drain too many of the swamps in these high lands. The springs at the source of every brook should be sacredly guarded. These high lands are generally rocky, rough, and steep, and quite impracticable for the plough. They are favorable to the growth of wood, and should be left as sources for the supply of fuel, timber, and rain, for the benefit of the whole country.—*American Agriculturist.*

Fechter's Acting.

"All the world loves a lover," says Emerson, and in this fact lies Fechter's greatest power; for who can compare with him as a lover? If "God is love," if love be the grandest of passions, surely that actor is finest who delineates it most truly. Fechter's love-making is so removed from what is seen on the stage, that the sympathetic spectator forgets its fiction and seems to have entered the heart's holiest sanctuary. It is almost sacred in its beauty, and so glorifies the world for the time being, that when the curtain falls and you go about your business, you are shocked to find how sadly different are the men and women with whom you come in contact. You pass from an illustration of Mrs. Browning's Sonnets from the Portuguese to that of Wall street and Fifth Avenue, and feel that you have lost the talisman of life. "Fechter's love-making is so absolutely real," said a woman of cleverness and feeling recently, "that I am moved even to blushing. It is impossible to believe it acting." "I shall send my daughters to see Fechter," exclaimed an enthusiastic father, "that they may know how a man ought to make love." "Don't, I beg of you," replied a somewhat cynical wit; "for if you do they will never marry. That ideal can never be realized." More's the pity, then. And it is because of this ideal element in his lovers that Fechter finds his greatest admirers among women. Possessing more sentiment than men, women pass one-third of their lives in dreaming, another third in realizing disillusions, and the last third in attempting to fit into whatever is. Though they sit upon the philosopher's stone, and smile to all the world, they are rarely reconciled to the rough prose of ordinary existence. Women would live the poetry that men write, for there never was a true woman who did not lead her best life in her affections. The intellect of George Eliot will confess as much. "Oh, Art, my Art, thou art much, but Love is more," sang Aurora Leigh. Hungry for sympathy, women recognize their ideal in Fechter's Ruy Blas and Claude Melnotte, and are grateful to the man. That is the love for which they are willing to die, for which they would gladly perform menial offices through all time. It is the "triumph of woman," the protest against clubs, club life and bar-rooms; and when men in real life are such lovers as Fechter is on the stage, no woman will sigh for Heaven; she will have found it on earth. —*Kate Field in Atlantic Monthly.*

A Needless Alarm.

Thomas Barlow writes to the Albany Argus that the cabbage worm is not poisonous, but, revolting as is the thought, is safe food for the table. There are but few, if any insects, either in the larval or perfect state, but what may be eaten with perfect safety. Some, however, have oils in them which forbid their being eaten in quantities at a time, because of what is called their richness. All may be safely eaten in limited quantities. The so-called centipeds, or thousand-legged worms, are eaten by some of the human race, and they may be by all, so far as anything poisonous is concerned. What is called the great white grub, the young of the May beetle, which, in great numbers, are often ploughed up in our fields and gardens, is a favorite dish with some of the most enlightened people. The Mohametan loathes the oyster as we do the scorpion or spider, and says of the Christian, "he is a dirty dog, because he eats oysters." It is our prejudice, ignorance and education that makes us view these things with loathing and fear. I have myself seen a school teacher, in my boyhood, eat of the rattlesnake. The silk worms are extensively eaten in some countries, and snails are as much thought of by some persons as are oysters by us. And so with spiders, so generally feared. They are reckoned equal to any dish that can be made up by some people. If insects were poisonous we should destroy ourselves "daily," so to speak, for we are constantly taking them into our systems in what we eat; that is, living matter in the form of the infusoria, the insect larva or some other shape, kind or form. Let attention be given to the condition of the vegetable itself, therefore, rather than to the worm, for a person had better eat a pound of any kind of worms than an ounce of decaying, diseased vegetable matter.

A Proverb Criticised.

Among the many proverbs that apparently have a great deal of wisdom, but which need a little analysis before accepting, is that which declares that we should not "put off until to-morrow that which can be done to-day." Now this proverb is erroneous in philosophy, and, if strictly followed, would often lead to a great deal of mischief. While nothing should be delayed beyond the proper hour for its doing, nothing, on the other hand, should be performed or executed until the proper hour arrives. If, in obedience to the instruction of the proverb quoted, we pursue the plan of doing everything to-day that *can* be done to-day, we shall soon discover that we do a great many things needlessly, and a great many things wrongly. To-morrow often throws a new light upon a thing; to-morrow may develop new circumstances, bring in new conditions, alter essentially all the bearings, and hence require the "doing" to be entirely different; and time also settles many matters, so that, if a thing is left until to-morrow, it may not be necessary to do it at all. A general never fights a battle so long as he can postpone it. A lawyer never brings a suit to trial so long as he can hope for new developments or additional facts. Wise men in all things never delay a moment when the crisis arrives. "Do nothing to-day that you can postpone until to-morrow," is the cunning of policy, and the craft of the diplomatists; but "do everything to-day that *ought* to be done to-day," is the true wisdom of life, and to this expression the proverb should be amended.

The White Clay of Georgia—Its Connection with Cheap Sugar.

And now what becomes of this six or eight hundred tons of Southern dirt that is shipped monthly to the North? This is the question in which the public are most interested, and we propose to give the information. A portion of these shipments—how much we have been unable to learn—is taken up by the potteries, being valuable as a mixture with the baser clays of the North in the manufacture of the finer wares. A portion is used by the manufacturers of wall paper, and by paper makers generally. But the Kaolin is more valuable in another respect; being perfectly white, free from silex, and tasteless, nothing could be better adapted to the purpose of adulteration, and in that way, we learn, is consumed a very large proportion of the shipments North. It is largely used in the manufacture of flour and pulverized sugar, and especially in fancy candles, which contain a large per cent. Considerable quantities are also consumed in the manufacture or subsequent adulteration of medicines, such as calomel, soda, cream-tartar, &c. In the preparation of white lead and paint it also enters as a large ingredient. About a year ago a Northern gentleman, whose business card showed that he was a druggist, visited the works below Augusta, carefully inspected the clay, and offered to take the entire product of the company at the price they were then receiving.—*Savannah Republican*, 23d.

A Novel Ironing Table.

A French mechanic, resident in Algiers, has recently invented an ironing table, by which, after the articles have been cleansed, steam can be directly applied during the ironing process, for the purpose of producing a fine finish. The ironing table is hollow, of a long, oval shape, and is composed of metal. The surface is slightly curved and is perforated with numerous small holes. Steam is conveyed to the interior of the table, by means of a pipe leading from a generator placed upon a small furnace, at which the irons are heated. The method of ironing is conducted as follows: The article is spread over the table, the key in the steam-pipe is opened, and the steam rushing into the hollow interior of the table, escapes through the small holes and penetrates the fabric from below, while the operator is passing the hot flat-iron over the upper surface. This process, it is stated, produces a very fine steam finish, equal to that of new goods, and a great saving of time over the old methods is effected. The total cost of the entire apparatus, that is, a steam generator, a furnace and two tables, is about $200. It may be mentioned that the second table is made of a shape especially adapted for ironing pantaloons.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.
—*Charles Kingsley.*

☞ "Be solemn," said Mr. Corwin, "if you want to succeed. The world looks up to the ring-master and down on the clown. It despises the man who entertains it. Be as solemn, therefore, as an ass. All the monuments have been built to solemn asses."

The Sprinkle Family.

Living at Marion, Smythe County, Virginia, is a gentleman named Elmadorus Sprinkle, the happy father of eight interesting children, six girls and two boys, who bear the following names:—

Memphis Tappan Sprinkle.
Empress Vandalia Sprinkle.
Tænia Zeno Sprinkle.
Myrtle Ellmore Sprinkle, (boy.)
Okeno Molette Sprinkle.
Og Wilte Sprinkle.
Wintorse Emmab Sprinkle.
Onyx Curwen Sprinkle, (boy.)

The cause assigned for giving such singular names, is that Smythe County is *sprinkled* all over with the Sprinkle family, and when their names are mentioned, it is "John Sprinkle, son of old Jesse Sprinkle," and our particular Sprinkle is determined that when any one of his children is spoken of, the public shall know which particular Sprinkle it is without having to refer to the paternal ancestor.—*Exchange Paper.*

Cheerfulness.

Dante places in his lowest hell those who in life were melancholy and repining without a cause, thus profaning and darkening God's blessed sunshine; and in some of the ancient Christian systems of virtues and vices, melancholy is unholy, and a vice; cheerfulness is holy, and a virtue.

Lord Bacon also makes one of the characteristics of moral health and goodness to consist in "a constant quick sense of felicity and a noble satisfaction."

What moments, hours, days of exquisite felicity must Christ, our Redeemer, have had, though it has become too customary to place Him before us only in the attitude of pain and sorrow! Why should He always be crowned with thorns, bleeding with wounds, weeping over the world He was appointed to heal, to save, to reconcile with God? The radiant head of Christ in Raphael's Transfiguration should rather be our ideal of Him who came "to bind up the broken-hearted, to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."—*Mrs. Jameson.*

☞ A wealthy hypochondriac of New Orleans, who believed that his earthly form was as brittle as glass, and that he was in constant danger of breaking it, was completely cured of the conceit, a few days since, by the kindness of two medical students, who followed him about from place to place, and, when questioned as to their motives, stated that they were waiting for him to "break himself," so that they might have a chance to pick up the pieces for dissection.

☞ More tourists have lost their lives in Europe during the past summer, than in the last ten years.

☞ Mr. Mundella, of the British Parliament, said in his recent address at the Cooper Institute to a New York audience: "I stand before you the representative of one of the largest constituencies in England, without the power to influence in the smallest degree the appointment of a custom-house officer or an excise man."

☞ ARAB WIDOWS.—When an Arab woman intends to marry again after the death of her husband, she goes the night before the ceremony to pay a visit to his grave. There she kneels and prays him not to be offended—not to be jealous. As, however, she feels he will be offended or jealous, the widow brings with her a donkey laden with two goats' skins with water. The prayer ended, she proceeds to pour the water upon the grave to keep the first husband cool under the irritating circumstances about to take place, and having well saturated him, she then departs.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8,500 bbls sold in lots at prices ranging from $4,25@4,75 for superfine; $4,75@6 for extra; $6@6,50 for Northwest extra family; $6@6,50 for Penna extra family; $6,50@7,25 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $7,50@8,50 ₩ bbl for fancy brands. Rye Flour sells at $5@5,12½ ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—Wheat—30,000 bus sold at $1,40@1,43 for Indiana red, $1,10@1,38 for Delaware red, $1,20@1,25 for Penna red $1,45@1,47 for Indiana amber, $1,37@1,40 for Ohio red, 1,28@1,29 for choice Iowa spring, and $1,47@1,55 for Western and Southern white. Rye—Sales of 2000 bus at 90@93c ₩ bus. Corn—Sales of 60,000 bus at 75@79c for new yellow, 73@74c for new Western, and 84@85c for old yellow. Oats—Sales of 55,000 bus at 55@56c for white, and 52@54c for mixed. Barley—10,000 bus of Western sold at 91c, and 12,000 bus two-rowed New York at 81@85c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—Sales of new mess Pork at $23; clear at $25, and extra prime at $18,50. Mess Beef at $20,50@23 ₩ bbl for city packed extra mess. Best Hams may be quoted at $20 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of sugar-cured city smoked hams at 18@18c; Excelsior hams at 22c; sides at 17c, and shoulders at 14@15c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 14@16c; sides at 12c, and shoulders, in salt, at 8@9c for new. Lard—Sales at 300 bbls and tcs at 13½@14c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of inferior packed at 13@17c; Penna store packed at 20@24c, and roll at 25@30c ₩ lb. Eggs—Sales at 33@34c ₩ dozen. Cheese sells at 15@16c ₩ lb.

COTTON—400 bales of middlings sold at 16@16¾c ₩ lb for upland and 16¼@17c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

BARK—25 hhds at No. 1 Quercitron sold at $25 ₩ ton. Tanners' Bark at $18@22 ₩ cord for Chestnut and Spanish Oak.

BEESWAX sells at 21@23c ₩ lb for yellow.

FRUIT—Dried Apples and Peaches—Sales at 4@7¼c for Apples and 8½@9c ₩ lb for half Peaches. Green Apples sell at $1,50@3 ₩ bbl.

HAY—Prime Timothy Hay ₩ 100 lbs, $1,15@1,20; mixed, 90c@$1; straw, 1,10@1,15.

IRON—Pig Iron—No 1 sold at $21@22; No 2 is quoted at $20,50@20. Bar Iron sells at $75@77,50 ₩ ton. Scotch Pig sells at $23 ₩ ton.

SEEDS—Clover-seed—4000 bus sold, in lots, at 10½@10¾c ₩ lb. Timothy is quoted at $4,75@5. Flax-seed at $2.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2611 head. The prices realized from 8½@9½c ₩ lb. 200 Cows brought from $50 to 90 ₩ head. Sheep—18,000 head were disposed of at from 5@6½c ₩ lb. 8000 Hogs sold at from $9,00 to 9,50 ₩ 100 lbs.

Fast Living and its Consequences.

When "fast life" has undermined the strength, destroyed the appetite, impaired the digestion, and stolen the hue of health from the cheek—when the hand trembles, the spirits droop, and the whole physical and mental organization languishes, is it possible to repair the evil and restore the dilapidated system to full health and vigor? We answer that it is. Hundreds of cases have been cited, thousands might be cited, in which this regeneration has been accomplished by the regular and persistent use of PLANTATION BITTERS. Abstinence from the indulgences which have wrought the mischief is, of course, one of the means of restoration. But it is not sufficient *alone*. The consequences remain after the cause has been abandoned. A wholesome and genial tonic is absolutely necessary to rouse the corporeal and mental energies from their state of collapse. This good work it is the mission of the Plantation Bitters to perform. But no other stimulant must be taken.

SEA MOSS FARINE from pure Irish Moss, for blanc mange, puddings, custards, creams, &c., &c. The cheapest, healthiest, and most delicious food in the world.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG, PURE AND RICH
BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND
WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND
BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION
SECURED TO ALL.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN
RESOLVENT HAS MADE
THE MOST
ASTONISHING CURES.
SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE
CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES
UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS
TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE,
THAT EVERY DAY AN INCREASE IN
FLESH AND WEIGHT IS SEEN AND FELT.

Scrofula, Consumption,
Glandular Disease,
Ulcers in the Throat and Mouth,
Tumors, Nodes in the Glands,
And other parts of the system,
Sore Eyes,
Strumous diseases of the
Eyes, Nose, Mouth,

And the worst forms of Skin Diseases,
Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head,
Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas,
Acne, Black Spots,
Worms in the Flesh, Tumors,
Cancers in the Womb,
And all Kidney, Bladder, Urinary and

Womb Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes,
Dropsy, Stoppage of Water,
Incontinence of Urine,
Bright's Disease,
Weakness and Painful Discharges,
Night Sweats,
Are within the curative range of

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT,

and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease, its potent power to cure them.

ONE DOLLAR A BOTTLE.

Principal office 87 Maiden Lane, New York.
Sold by Druggists. oct1-tf

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1871, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States, and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected.—Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking.* The proprietors, Messrs. Hostetter & Smith, on receipt of a two cent stamp, will forward a copy by mail to any person who cannot procure one in his neighborhood. The Bitters are sold in every city, town and village, and are extensively used throughout the entire civilized world. dec3-5t

To Cure a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat, use *BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES,* nov26-6m

MAKE YOUR OWN SOAP

One Pound of Crampton's Imperial Laundry Soap will make twelve quarts of Handsome Soft Soap. Ask your Grocer for it and Try it. CRAMPTON BROTHERS, 54 Front St., New York. oct1-tf

Interesting to Ladies.

"I have a Grover & Baker Sewing Machine that I purchased in November, 1868, and although in use for more than ten years, doing all kinds of work with perfect satisfaction, it still is in good order. I consider it a very excellent machine, and would not part with it for any other consideration than to get one of your present make with the recent improvements."—*Mrs. E. E. McCall, Old Saybrook, Ct.*

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. Joseph A. Seiss, D. D., Mr. WILLIAM E. COOPER to Miss AMANDA M. STOUT, both of this city.

On the 17th of Nov., by the Rev. John A. McKean, Mr. GEORGE W. IZARD to Miss KATE BAYNE, both of this city.

On the 6th of Nov., by the Rev. P. S. Henson, D. D., SAMUEL T. NICHOLAS to Miss MARY HUNTER, both of this city.

On the 23th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. T. Eva, Mr. EDWARD KING, of Bordentown, N. J., to Miss CARRIE BENDREM, of this city.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. W. C. Robinson, Mr. CHARLES M. NESSINGER to Miss THERESA STICKNEY, of this city.

On the 24th of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Darborow, Mr. ADAM HEISEY to Miss MARY MAGADOO, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 1st instant, CATHARINE, relict of the late Paul Hamrick, aged 83 years.

On the 26th of Nov., ADELIA, wife of Wm. Scott, in her 26th year.

On the 28th of Nov., ELIZABETH G. COATES, in her 74th year.

On the 28th of Nov., WILLIAM R. MOFFET, in his 20th year.

On the 27th of Nov., WILLIAM HEADLEY, aged 54 years.

On the 24th of Nov., JAMES KENNADE, in his 23d year.

On the 28th of Nov., WILLIAM GIFFORD, in his 30th year.

On the 26th of Nov., GEORGE R. ANGELL, in his 24th year.

On the 26th of Nov., Mr. JOHN THOMAS in his 60th year.

On the 25th of Nov., WILLIAM H. GEYER, M. D., in his 68th year.

TELL ALL YOUR NEIGHBORS THAT

The Publishers of The Saturday Evening Post Offer

3 MONTHS FOR NOTHING,

As follows: We began an admirable Novelet called

LEONIE'S MYSTERY,

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT,

in the paper of October 8th—and we shall commence the subscriptions of all

NEW SUBSCRIBERS

for 1871, with that date, until the large extra edition of the papers containing the early chapters of the story shall be exhausted. This will be

THIRTEEN PAPERS,

IN ADDITION to the regular weekly numbers for 1871, or

FIFTEEN MONTHS IN ALL!

When our extra edition is exhausted, the names of all **NEW** subscribers for 1871 will be entered on our list the very week they are received.

Of course those who send in their names early, will receive the whole number of extra papers.

We EXPECT to have enough extra papers to supply all comers **UP TO JANUARY**—but it will be most prudent not to delay in sending on subscriptions.

This offer applies to all NEW subscribers, single or in clubs. See our low Club Terms:

One copy (and the Premium Steel Engraving) $2 50.	
2 copies,	$4 00
4 "	6.00
5 " (and one extra)	8.00
8 " (and one extra)	12.00
11 " (and one extra)	16 00
14 " (and one extra)	20.00
One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND,	4 00

Every person getting up a Club will receive the Premium Engraving—and for Clubs of 5 and over both the Premium Engraving and an Extra paper.

While we offer thus a special inducement to NEW subscribers, our OLD subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the improvement of our paper, and the ease of getting up their clubs—**And it is thus to their interest, as we hope it is to their kindly feeling, to speak a good word for us to their friends.**

Our **NEW PREMIUM ENGRAVING** for next year is a beautiful plate called **"The Sisters."** It is engraved on steel, by the celebrated English engraver, **G. F. Doo**— one of the three or four best engravers in the world—after a painting by the renowned artist, **Sir Thomas Lawrence**. It is of medium size (for greater convenience in framing) but is a superior engraving to any heretofore issued by us, being a perfect GEM OF ART.

This beautiful picture (or one of "Taking the Measure of the Wedding Ring," "The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "Edward Everett in his Library," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred) *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club!*

☞ *Club Subscribers* who wish the Premium Engraving must send *one dollar extra.* To those who are not subscribers we will furnish it for *two dollars.*

TO OLD SUBSCRIBERS.

Cannot each of you, taking advantage of the above liberal offers, make up a Club of NEW subscribers? To the getter-up of every Club we send our beautiful new Premium Engraving "THE SISTERS," (or either of our other Premium Engravings); and to the getter up of a Club of five or over, an extra copy of THE POST, (or of THE LADY'S FRIEND) besides. Where the Clubs are composed of both old and new subscribers, the latter should have the word "new" written opposite their names. The subscriptions should be sent on as soon as obtained (even when the lists, if large, are not full,) in order that the forwarding of the paper to the new subscribers may not be delayed.

Special Offer of Lady's Friend.

ONE MONTH FOR NOTHING!

All NEW Subscribers (single or in clubs) to THE LADY'S FRIEND who send on their subscriptions by the first of January, shall receive the magnificent December Holiday number, making *thirteen months in all!*

Sewing Machine Premium, &c. —See terms on the second page of this paper.

"THY BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIETH."

BY CHISTINA G. ROSETTI.

All her corn-fields rippled in the sunshine,
All her lovely vines, sweets laden, bowed;
Yet some weeks to harvest and to vintage,
When, as one man's hand, a cloud
Rose and spread, and, blackening, burst asunder
In rain and fire and thunder.

Is there naught to reap in the day of harvest?
Hath the vine in her day no fruit to yield?
Yea, men tread the press, but not for sweetness,
And they reap a red crop from the field.
Build barns, ye reapers, garner all aright,
Though your souls be called to-night.

A cry of tears goes up from blackened homesteads,
A cry of blood goes up from reeking earth;
Tears and blood have a cry that pierces Heaven
Through all its hallelujah swells of mirth;
God hears their cry, and though He tarry, yet
He doth not forget.

Mournful mother, sitting in the dust weeping,
Who shall comfort thee for those who are not?
As thou didst, these do to thee; and heap the measure,
And heat the furnace sevenfold hot:
As thou once, now these to thee—who pitieth thee
From sea to sea?

O thou King, terrible in strength, and building
Thy strong future on thy past!
Though he drink the last, the King of Sheshach,
Yet he shall drink at the last.
Art thou greater than great Babylon,
Which lies overthrown?

Take heed, ye unwise among the people;
O ye fools, when will ye understand:
He that planted the ear, shall he not hear,
Nor he smite who formed the hand?
"Vengeance is Mine, is Mine," thus saith the Lord:
O Man, put up thy sword.

Training a Husband.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY ZIG.

Now, that sounds ugly for a heading. I'm aware of it. I know as well as you do that, in a free republic, one shouldn't venture to talk of training anybody except children, and indeed, hardly them. I'm aware, too, that for every word I can say on this side of the question, just as much, word for word, can be said on the other side. It is my idea, I being an old maid, of course, that both husbands and wives need to go through a regular system of training, a sort of tempering process, so to speak, before they can live together at all happily or comfortably. Having admitted so much, let me go on and say my say in peace.

What set me to thinking about training husbands, was my noticing how the partnership is carried on between the respectable Mr. and Mrs. Von Dunderberg. Mrs. Von D., a few years ago, was a fair-haired, ruddy-cheeked German girl, healthy and happy, without a care in the world. Now, Mrs. Von D. is a sallow, anxious woman, married and worried, with four white-headed, crying little children, nearly all of a size, hanging to her skirts. It seems to me that those four children cry more than any other children in the world. They squall from morning till night, and then they don't stop.

They are always quarrelling. That's no more than other children do, however. Mrs. Von D. spanks hers when they quarrel. They are always having colds in the head and dirty noses. They are always wanting a drink of water in the night. Mrs. Von D. gets up and gives it to them. They kick the covers off continually. Mrs. Von D. gets up and tucks them in again. The baby has a mysterious way of getting sudden choaks and cramps and spasms, about two o'clock in the morning, from which time he insists upon being walked about with until daylight. Mrs. Von D. walks about with him. At daylight he falls asleep. Then Mrs. Von D. dresses herself, goes down stairs, splits the kindling, makes the fire, prepares breakfast, then gently awakens Mr. Von D., who comes down and sips his coffee and glances over his newspaper as gravely as if he were Herr Von Bismarck himself.

Mrs. Von D. does the sewing for her husband, the four howling children and herself, by hand. Mr. Von D. can't afford a sewing-machine. Mr. Von D. changes his shirts every day. Mrs. Von D. washes and irons them. She lugs home from market heavy baskets of beef and cabbages, while Mr. Von D. smokes peacefully and watches her do it. She does every particle of the household work, including the scrubbing of a big brick paved yard, and the taking care of a room for a looger. Sometimes she has fearful sick headaches, and has to lie down and can't move. Then Mr. Von D. has to set the table and feed the children. It drives him distracted. He declares the noise of the children will burst his head.

"If he shall make a fire once, it shall bust his head," said Mrs. Von D. once, in her peculiar English.

Mr. Von D. frets and fumes and swears, and the children criticise, between intervals of howling.

"Ah, papa," says Tony, "if the mamma dies, then you'll have to do all the work."

"No, no!" says little Gretchen, "if the mamma dies, then we'll get a *new mamma!*"

Which is exceedingly soothing to the sick headache of Mrs. Von D. Finally Mr. Von D. gives it up in despair, and rushes frantically off to his store, leaving the litter on the tea-table, the howling children and his sick wife to fight it out together. Mr. Von D. is a brisk, dried-up little German, who smokes ten cigars a day.

That is how it is with my acquaintances, Mr. and Mrs. Von Dunderberg. Mrs. Von D. represents what one might call the Biddy-wife type. She is a galley-slave in a small domestic galley commanded by that dried-up little man and those four howling children. She bears the galley-slave brand in her hands and in her face, and it sinks deeper every year.

You will naturally infer than I blame Mr. Von D. for this state of things. But I don't. On the contrary, I blame Mrs. Von D. for it all. It is her fault that she did not start right, in the first place. If a married woman is willing to make a bond-slave of herself in the start, she will undoubtedly be taken at her own valuation for the rest of her life. Mr. Von D. is exactly like the rest of the men, and women too, for that matter, not heartless, but thoughtless. It was his wife's duty, when she married him, to gradually educate him up to a realizing sense of the fact that the husband of a woman who has four little children and does her own housework and sewing, ought to halve not only the burden of the day, but the burden of the night also. That a man who smokes ten cigars a day ought to cut himself down half, and buy his wife a sewing-machine. That a woman who is worked to death can't possibly have bright, healthy children, and that he owes it not only to his wife, but to his children and great-great grand-children, to see that his wife is not worked to death, but that she has some hours of rest, some hours of pleasure, to brighten and sweeten her life. That those four howling children belong to *him*, somewhat, as well as to her, and that it is fully as much his place to be here to attend to them at night, and be responsible for them. I am satisfied that men are reasonable creatures. I am fully persuaded that almost every man will listen to reasoning, properly put, especially from an intelligent, sensible woman. That is to say, unless he is a stubby stick of a man who won't be reasoned with, in which case he doesn't deserve any wife at all, but ought to live and die a rheumatic old bachelor, shut off by himself in an uninhabited island of the sea.

But it is too late for Mrs. Von D. now. She just begins to be aware that there is a screw loose somewhere, without being able to find it. She could not possibly make Mr. Von D. see now that she has been doing all her duty and half of his, ever since she married him. She has done it so long that he expects it of her, and thinks it is a married woman's place to be a bond-slave. Meanwhile, Mrs. Von D. thinks the trouble lies in the institution of matrimony itself. She says a girl is a fool for ever marrying. She believes all men are selfish, heartless tyrants. She grows faded and dyspeptic, complains querulously of her husband, and wears her life out in her dingy kitchen. There is no light and no hope in her life. Before long she will sink into an untimely grave, and then we suppose the children will get a new mamma, sure enough.

It is too late for Mrs. Von Dunderberg now. But it is not too late to raise an insurrection on general principles. It is not too late for a young woman, when first married, and her husband does not have to work more hours in the day than she herself does, to insist gently but firmly on the husband's splitting the kindling wood. To hint that he will do well to go to market. And that he will do better still to help take care of his own babies, nights, as they begin to count up, one after another. To recall to his memory that his wife is himself, and not his washerwoman. In short, to reason with him a little.

And that is my idea of training a husband.

Over-work of the Mind in Children.

In an article on "Physical Disease from Mental Strain," in the April number of the American Journal of Insanity, Dr. Richardson treats very ably the subject of mental over-work. He divides into six classes those who are sufferers by it—the last of which is the student. Notwithstanding the fact that all parents and teachers were once children themselves, and passed through about the same dangers, sorrows and pleasures which fall to the lot of their little ones, many of them do not know how much work the youthful mind is capable of performing without being overtasked. The child is mostly the subject of the arbitrary will power of those who educate him, and can scarcely be said in these matters to exercise any inclination of his own, his part being quiet submission. It is well enough to teach a child obedience, but his task-masters too often mistake incapacity to perform continued severe mental labor for indolence, and require more work of him than is good for his health. Dr. Richardson says:

"The extent to which over-mental strain is injurious to the young varies according to the kind and character of work. The endeavor to fill the minds of children with artificial information leads to one of two results. Not unfrequently in the very young it gives rise to direct disease of the brain itself, to deposit of tubercle, if there be predisposition to that disease, to convulsive attacks, or even to epilepsy. In less extreme cases, it causes simple weakness and exhaustion of the mental organs, with irregularity of power. The child may grow up with a memory taxed with technicals, and impressed so forcibly that it is hard to make way for other knowledge, and added to these mischiefs there may be, and often is, the further evil, that the brain, owing to the labor put on it, becomes too fully and easily developed, too firm, and too soon mature, so that it remains throughout manhood always a large child's brain, very wonderful in a child, and equally ridiculous in a man or woman. The development in an excessive degree of one particular faculty is also a common cause of feebleness."

The doctor gives the following interesting example of the overtaxing of the faculty of memory:

"I know an instance in which a child was 'blessed' with a marvellous gift of verbal memory. This being his 'forte,' his teacher, who wished every scholar to be remarkable for something beyond other scholars, played on this 'forte' powerfully, and with wonderful effect. By constant cultivation of the one faculty, this marvellous boy could learn off fifty lines of Paradise Lost, or any other English book, at a single reading, and could repeat his lesson on the spot, without missing a word or omitting a comma. But the result was this, that when this remarkable boy was sent to a university to learn a profession, he was beaten in the learning of ostensible and detached facts by every fellow-student. Seeing slowly but surely where his weakness lay, this student ceased at last to call into play his remarkable talent. It was a terrible task: he accomplished it at last, to a considerable degree, but never effectually. For a long time he made mistakes that were most annoying; he was unable, for instance, to cast up accurately any column of figures, he forgot dates, he ran over or under important appointments, misnamed authors in speaking of works of art or letters, and in reasoning he would mix up two or three subjects. It took him full ten long years to unlearn his wonderful technical art."

We cannot be too careful of the mental and physical training of the young. Upon it depends a hardy and vigorous maturity.

Beau Brummell.

FROM CAPTAIN GRONOW'S "RECOLLECTIONS."

Among the curious freaks of fortune there is none more remarkable in my memory than the sudden appearance, in the highest and best society in London, of a young man whose antecedents warranted a much less conspicuous career: I refer to the famous Beau Brummell. We have innumerable instances of soldiers, lawyers, and men of letters elevating themselves from the most humble stations, and becoming the companions of princes and law-givers; but there are comparatively few examples of men obtaining a similarly elevated position simply from their attractive personal appearance and fascinating manners. Brummell's father, who was a steward to one or two large estates, sent his son George to Eton. He was endowed with a handsome person, and distinguished himself at Eton as the best scholar, the best boatman, and the best cricketer; and, more than all, he was supposed to possess the comprehensive excellences that are represented by the familiar term of "good fellow." He made many friends among the scions of good families, by whom he was considered a sort of Crichton; and his reputation reached a circle over which reigned the celebrated Duchess of Devonshire. At a grand ball given by her Grace, George Brummell, then quite a youth, appeared for the first time in such elevated society. He immediately became a great favorite with the ladies, and was asked by all the dowagers to as many balls and soirees as he could attend.

At last the Prince of Wales sent for Brummell, and was so much pleased with his manner and appearance that he gave him a commission in his own regiment, the Tenth Hussars. Unluckily, Brummell, soon after joining his regiment, was thrown from his horse at a grand review at Brighton, when he broke his classical Roman nose. This misfortune, however, did not affect the fame of the beau; and although his nasal organ had undergone a slight transformation, it was forgiven by his admirers, since the rest of his person remained intact. When we are prepossessed by the attractions of a favorite, it is not a trifle that will dispel the illusion; and Brummell continued to govern society in conjunction with the Prince of Wales. He was remarkable for his dress, which was generally conceived by himself—the execution of his sublime imagination being carried out by that superior genius, Mr. Weston, tailor, of Old Bond street. The Regent sympathized deeply with Brummell's labors to arrive at the most attractive and gentlemanly mode of dressing the male form, at a period when fashion had placed at the disposal of the tailor the most hideous material that could possibly tax his art. The coat may have a long tail or a short tail, a high collar or a low collar, but it will always be an ugly garment. The modern hat may be spread out at the top, or narrowed, while the brim may be turned up or turned down, made a little wider or a little more narrow; still it is inconceivably hideous. Pantaloons and Hessian boots were the least objectionable features of the costume which the imagination of a Brummell and the genius of a Royal Prince were called upon to modify or change. The hours of meditative agony which each dedicated to the odious fashions of the day have left no monument save the colored caricatures in which these illustrious persons have appeared.

Brummell, at this time, besides being the companion and friend of the Prince, was very intimate with the Dukes of Rutland, Dorset, and Argyle, Lords Sefton, Alvanley, and Plymouth. In the zenith of his popularity he might be seen at the bay window of White's Club, surrounded by the lions of the day, laying down the law, and occasionally indulging in those witty remarks for which he was famous. His house in Chapel street corresponded with his personal "get up;" the furniture was in excellent taste, and the library contained the best works of the best authors of every period and of every country. His canes, his snuff-boxes, his Sevres china, were exquisite; his horses and carriage were conspicuous for their excellence; and, in fact, the superior taste of a Brummell was discoverable in everything that belonged to him.

But the reign of the king of fashion, like all other reigns, was not destined to continue forever. Brummell warmly espoused the cause of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and this of course offended the Prince of Wales. I refer to the period when his Royal Highness had abandoned that beautiful woman for another favorite. A coldness then ensued between the Prince and his *protege*, and finally the mirror of fashion was excluded from the royal presence.

A curious accident brought Brummell again to the dinner-table of his royal patron; he was asked one night at White's to take a hand at whist, when he won from George Harley Drummond £20,000. This circumstance having been related by the Duke of York to the Prince of Wales, the beau was again invited to Carlton House. At the commencement of the dinner, matters went off smoothly; but Brummell, in his joy at finding himself with his old friend, became excited, and drank too much wine. His Royal Highness—who wanted to pay off Brummell for an insult he had received at Lady Cholmondley's ball, when the beau, turning towards the Prince, said to Lady Worcester, "Who is your fat friend?"—had invited him to dinner merely out of a desire for revenge. The Prince therefore pretended to be affronted with Brummell's hilarity, and said to his brother, the Duke of York, who was present, "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." Whereupon he rang the bell, and Brummell left the royal presence. This circumstance originated the story about the beau having told the Prince to ring the bell. I received these details from the late General Sir Arthur Upton, who was present at the dinner.

The latter days of Brummell were clouded with mortifications and penury. He retired to Calais, where he kept up a ludicrous imitation of his past haute. At last he got himself named consul at Caen; but he afterwards lost the appointment, and eventually died insane, and in abject poverty, at Calais.

AN IRISH ADVOCATE.—He would go on speaking after the learned judge had cautioned him to desist, till at last his infuriated lordship cried, "Sir, 'tis no use your speaking; what you say to me goes in at one ear and out at the other." The advocate would not be silenced. "My lord," said he, "it's no wonder, when there's nothing between 'em to stop it."

A LOVE POEM.

[Of the more direct and passionate love-poems, the following by Lord Lytton—who has less reputation as a poet than he deserves—may be almost considered a model. It has just enough extravagance to prove passion, and enough elegance to please those who have outgrown all youthful feelings:]

Into my heart a silent look
Flashed from thy careless eyes,
And what before was shadow, took
The light of summer skies.
The first-born love was in that look;
The Venus rose from out the deep
Of those inspiring eyes.

My life, like some lone, solemn spot
A spirit passes o'er,
Grew instinct with a glory not
In earth or heaven before.
Sweet trouble stirred the haunted spot,
And shook the leaves of every thought
Thy presence wandered o'er.

My being yearned, and crept to thine,
As if in times of yore
Thy soul had been a part of mine,
Which claimed it back once more,
Thy very self no longer thine,
But merged in that delicious life
Which made us one of yore.

There bloomed beside thee forms as fair,
There murmured tones as sweet,
But round thee breathed the enchanted air
'Twas life and death to meet.
And henceforth thou alone wert fair,
And though the stars had sung for joy,
Thy whisper only sweet!

The Faber Lead Pencils.

All school children are acquainted with the Faber lead pencils, and know them to be the best in the market. But few of them may know about the place or the manner in which they are made.

The factory in which they are prepared for sale is in Nuremburg, Bavaria, and the lead is obtained near by. But the wood for the case comes from our own country, from Florida, and is carried over to Nuremburg, and then brought back again to this country in the form of pencils.

At first the wood used to be sent abroad in large logs, and was wrought into proper shape in Nuremburg. But the proprietors of the factory, finding the freight to be heavy and the expenses large, thought a great saving could be made if the work was done in this country, and only the pencil-holders sent by ship. The experiment was made, and Yankee genius soon invented a machine with automaton hands, with saws and turning-lathes, so that the work was done very rapidly and cheaply.

The proprietors were delighted at their success, but it was soon found that the dampness of the sea air warped the holders and spoiled the symmetry of the pencils. It was evident that some change must be made, or the pencils would lose their reputation.

A new experiment was tried. The machinery was all removed to Nuremburg, and American mechanics went with it, who were accustomed to the work.

The new machines created great excitement in Bavaria, and German workmen flocked from all quarters to see and admire the wonderful automaton hands. For a time all went smoothly and with great success, and the proprietors congratulated themselves that all difficulties were overcome.

But Americans have a great love of home. They enjoy travel and the novelty of new scenes and experiences, but sooner or later a longing is felt to get back again to their native land. So these mechanics, while receiving good wages and having everything pleasant in the factory, found a homesickness creeping over them they could not conquer, and one by one they left Bavaria, and turned their faces to the motherland. The proprietors thought it would be easy to fill their places with German mechanics, and train them to the work. But, though they exercised great care in selecting skilful men, the new workmen could not understand the machinery. It soon got out of order, and at length would not run. Nobody could be found in Germany able to put it in order again, and the machinery, valued at fifty thousand dollars, was a dead loss to the owners.

We believe that the old roundabout method had to be established again, at a large increase of expense, simply because the German mechanics had not the intelligence and tact of American workmen.

[*Note.*—We wonder if the above, which we take from an exchange, is true. For a large proportion of the best workmen in our mills and factories are, if we are not mistaken, of foreign birth].—*Editor Sat. Ev. Post.*

A Home Question.

Among some anecdotes, said to be new, that have just been furnished by a personal acquaintance of President Lincoln, is this: "One evening, during the last winter of the President's life, when extremely busy, and weary as well, after the many duties of the day, he was called to the reception-room to see Mr. Speed, then Attorney-General. The latter had called to introduce a friend; and, seeing the weary look of the President's face, he at once began to apologise for interrupting him. "I am very sorry," said Mr. Speed, "very *sorry*, Mr. President, to disturb you." "Speed," he replied, "you remind me of a story of Henry Ward Beecher. One Sunday, as he was going to preach, he saw some boys playing marbles on the street. He stopped, looked at them hard. 'Boys,' he said, presently, 'boys, I'm scared; *scared!*' 'Then why in the mischief don't you run?' answered the boys. If you are sorry, Mr. Speed, why did you come?'

A Thoughtful Boy.

The Albany Evening Journal publishes the following item and remarks thereon:—"A precocious youth of Altoona, Penn., having surreptitiously obtained a package of powder and a cigar-stump, the other evening, soon realized the fact that they way of the transgressor is hard. While smoking the cigar-stump, he saw his mother coming toward him, and at once slid the cigar into the pocket containing the powder. His hand, the cigar, and the powder got out of that pocket 'quicker'n blazes,' and the youthful hero is now securely 'bottled up' for a few days' rest at home." This Altoona boy was thoughtful beyond his years. Realizing that he had no right to be smoking, he provided the means to blow himself up, and thus saved his mother that trouble. How few children are thus careful to keep unnecessary care from their parents. And when we remember how much anxiety in the tender years of infancy, etc., etc.

DEAD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh God! my God! help me to bear—
  Thou knowest best—to Thee I bow—
Thou thought'st it good my heart to tear—
  Oh! help me! all is utter darkness now.

Oh! no, it is a dream, a vision,
  A lie, that tells of her di-grace—
My darling false! I scorn it with derision—
  No, she is *dead*, and I shall kiss her face.

Yes, darling, yes; our boy is weeping,
  With feeble voice he calls upon
His mother, ever to his cries unleeping—
  Oh God! my God! 'tis true then, she is gone.

May he be cursed with all the sorrow
  That he has dealt on me and mine:
And she—no, darling, you will come to-morrow—
  You swore till death to love me, at the shrine.

Gone! Well, till death I swore to love her;
  The casket's jewel broke the night she fled—
Oh God! my lost one with your mercy cover.
  "Has mother come?" No, darling, mother's DEAD!

ROLAND RAVENSWOOD.

LOUIE.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

The great river was flowing peacefully down to the sea, opening its blue tides at the silver fretting of the bar into a shallow expanse some miles in width, a part of which on either side overlay stretches where the submerged eel-grass lent a tint of chrysophrase to the sheathing flow, and into which one gazed, half expecting to see so ideal a depth peopled by something other than the long ribbons of the weed streaming out on the slow current—the only cool sight, albeit, beneath the withering heat of the day across all that shining extent. Far down the shores, on the right, a line of low sand-hills rose, protecting the placid harbor from sea and storm with the bulwark of their dunes, whose yellow drifts were ranged by the winds in all fanta tic shapes, and bound together by ropes of the wild poison-ivy and long tangles of beach-grass and the blossoming purple pea, and which to-day cast back the rays of the sun as though they were of beaten brass. Above these hills the white lighthouse loomed, the heated air trembling around it, and giving it so vague and misty a guise that, being by itself a thing of night and storm and darkness, it looked now as unreal as a ghost by daylight. On the other side of the harbor lay the marshes, threaded by steaming creeks, up which here and there the pointed sails of the hidden hay-barges crept, the sunshine turning them to white flames: farther off stood a screen of woods, and from brim to brim between swelled the broad, smooth sheet of the river, coming from the great mountains that gave it birth, washing clean a score of towns on its way, and loitering just here by the pleasant old fishing-town, whose wharves, once doing a mighty business with the Antilles and the farther Indies, now, in the absence of their half-dozen foreign-going craft, lay at the mercy of any sand-dreger that chose to fling her cable round their capstans. A few idle masts swayed there, belonging to small fishers and fruiters, a solid dew of pitch oozing from their sides in the sun, but not a sail set: a lonely watchman went the rounds among them, a ragged urchin bobbed for flounders in the dock, but otherwise wharves and craft were alike forsaken, and the sun glared down on them as though his rays had made them a desert. The harbor-water lay like glass: now and then the tide stirred it, and all the brown and golden reflections of masts and spars with it, into the likeness of a rippled agate. Not one of the boats that were ordinarily to be seen darting hither and yon, like so many water-bugs, were in motion now; none of the white sails of the gay sea-parties were running up and swelling with the breeze; none of the usual naked and natatory cherubs were diving off the wharves into that deep, warm water; the windows on the seaward side of the town were closed; the countless children, that were wont to infest the lower streets as if they grew with no more cost or trouble than the grass between the bricks, had disappeared in the mysterious way in which swarms of flies will disappear, as if an east wind had blown them; but no east wind was blowing here. In all the scene there was hardly any other sign of life than the fervent sunbeams shedding their cruel lustre overhead: the river flowed silent and lonely from shore to shore; the whole hot summer sky stretched just as silent and lonely from horizon to horizon; only the old ferryman, edging along the bank till he was far up stream, crossed the narrower tide and drifted down effortless on the other side; only an old black brig lay at anchor, with furled sail and silent deck, in the middle channel down below the piers, and from her festering and blistering hull it was that all the heat and loneliness and silence of the scene seemed to exude—for it was the fever-ship.

It was a different picture on the bright river when that brig entered the harbor on the return of her last voyage, to receive how different a welcome! But pestilence raged abroad in the country now, and the people of the port, who had so far escaped the evil, were loth to let it enter among them at last, and had not yet recovered from the recoil of their first shock and shiver at thought of it in their waters—waters than which none could have fostered it more kindly, full as they were in their shallow breadth of rotting weeds and the slime of sewers. Perhaps the owner of some pale face looked through the pane and thought of brother or father, or, it may be, of lover, and grew paler with pity, and longed to do kind offices for those who suffered; but the greater part of all the people lived upon the shores would have scouted the thought of going out with aid to those hot pillows rocking there upon the tide, and of bringing back infection to the town, as much as though the ship had been piracy on the high seas. And they stayed at home, and watched their vanes and longed for an east wind—an east wind whose wings would shake out healing, whose breath would lay the destroying fever low; but the east wind refused to seek their shores, and chose rather to keep up its wild salt play far out on the bosom of its mid-sea billows.

Yes, on that return of the last voyage of the brig the stream had swarmed with boats, flags had fluttered from housetops and staffs, piers and quays had been lined with cheering people, all flocking forth to see the broken, battered little craft; for the brig had been spoken by a tug, and word had been brought to the wharves, and had spread like wild-fire through the town, that, wrecked in a tempest and deserted by the panic-stricken crew, the steadfast master and a boy who stood by him had remained with her, had refitted her as best they might when the storm abated, and had brought her into port at last through fortunate days of fair weather and slow sailing. The town was ringing with the exploit, with praise of the noble faithfulness of master and boy; and now the river rang again, and no conquering galley of naval hero ever moved through a gladder, gayer welcome than that through which the little black brig lumbered on her clumsy way to her moorings.

But though all the rest of the populace of the seaport had turned out with their greetings that day, there was one little body there who, so far from hurrying down to shore or sea-wall with a waving handkerchief, ran crying into a corner; and it was there that Andrew Traverse, the person of only secondary importance in the river scene, rated as a boy on the brig's books, but grown into a man since the long voyage began,—it was there he found her when the crowd had let him alone and left him free to follow his own devices.

"It's the best part of all the welcome, I declare it is!" said he, standing in the doorway and enjoying the sight before him a moment.

"Oh, Andrew," cried the little body with a sob, but crouching further away into the corner, "it was so splendid of you!"

"What was so splendid of me?" said he, still in the doorway, tall and erect in the sunshine that lay around him, and that glanced along his red shirt and his bronzed cheek to light a flame in the black eyes that surveyed her.

"Standing by him so," she sobbed—"standing by the captain when the others left—bringing home the ship!"

"It's not a ship—it's a brig" said Andrew, possibly too conscious of his merit to listen to the praise of it. "Well, is this all? Ain't you going to shake hands with me? Ain't you glad to see me?"

"Oh, Andrew! So glad!" and she turned and let him see the blushing, rosy face one moment, the large, dark, liquid eyes, the tangled, tawny curls; and then overcome once more, as a sudden shower overcomes the landscape, the lips quivered again, the long-lashed eyelids fell, and the face was hidden in another storm of tears. And then, perhaps because he was a sailor, and perhaps because he was a man, his arms were round her and he was kissing off those tears, and the little happy body was clinging to him and trembling with excitement and with joy like a leaf in the wind.

Certainly no two happier, prouder beings walked along the sea-wall that night, greeted with hearty hands at every step, followed by all eyes till the shelter of deepening dusk obscured them, and with impish urchins, awe-struck for once, crying mysteriously under their breath to each other, "That's him! That's the feller saved the Sabrina! That's him and her!" How proud the little body was! how her heart beat with pleasure at thought of the way in which all men were ready to do him honor! how timidly she turned her eyes upon him and saw the tint deepen upon his cheek, the shadow flash into light in his eye, the smile kindle on his lips, as he looked down on her—glad with her pride and pleasure, strong confident, content himself—till step by step they had left the town behind, wandering down the sandy island road, through the waxaine hedge of blossoming wild roses and rustling young birches, till they leaned upon the parapet of the old island bridge and heard the water lap and saw the stars come out, and only felt each other and their love in all the wide, sweet summer universe.

Poor Louie! She had always been as shy and wary as any little brown bird of the woods. It was Andrew's sudden and glorious coming that had surprised her into such expression of a feeling that had grown up with her until it was a part of every thought and memory. And as for Andrew—certainly he had not known that he cared for her so much until she turned that tearful, rosy face upon him in welcome; but now it seemed to him that she had been his and he hers since time began: he could neither imagine nor remember any other state than this: he said to himself, and then repeated it to her, that he had loved her always, that it was thought of her that had kept him firm and faithful to his duty, that she had been the lodestar toward which he steered on that slow homeward way: and he thanked Heaven, no doubt devoutly enough, that had saved him from such distress and brought him back to such bliss. And Louie listened and clung closer, more joyful and more blest with every pulse of her bounding heart.

After all, sudden as the slipping into so divine a dream had been, it had need to be full as intense and deep, for it was only for a little while it lasted. A week's rapt walking in these mid-heavens, where earth and care and each to-morrow was forgotten, and there broke in upon them the voice of the Sabrina's owner seeking for Andrew Traverse.

Of course such conduct as that of one who preferred to do his utmost to save a sinking ship rather than seek safety with her flying crew, was something too unusual to go unrewarded: it must be signalized into such a shining light that all other mariners must needs follow it. And if the sky had fallen, Andrew dreamed, he could have been no more surprised than he was when he found himself invited with great ceremony to a stately tea-drinking at the house of the owner of the Sabrina. "Now we shall catch larks," said he; and dressed in a new suit, whose gray tint set off the smoothness of his tanned cheek with the color sometimes mantling through the brown, he entered the house with all the composure of a gentleman used to nothing but high days and holidays. Not that either the state or ceremony at Mr. Maurice's required great effort to encounter with composure—trivial enough at its best, wonderful though it was to the townsfolk, unused to anything beyond. But Andrew had seen the world in foreign parts, and neither Mr. Maurice's mansion-house and gardens, nor his gay upholstery, nor his silver tea-service, nor his condescending manners, struck the least spark of surprise from Andrew's eyes, or gave them the least shadow of awe.

"This is some mistake," said the owner graciously, after preliminary compliment had been duly observed. "How is it that you are rated on the books as a boy—you are as much a man as you ever will be?"

"A long voyage, sir, slow sailing and delays over so many disasters as befell us, three years out in the stead of a year and a half—all that brings one to man's estate before his reckoning."

"But the last part of the time you must have done able seaman's service?"

"The captain and I together," said Andrew with his bright laugh. "We were officers and crew and passengers, cox'n and cook, as they say."

"A hard experience," said Mr. Maurice.

"Oh, not at all, but worth its weight in gold—to me, at least. Why, sir, it taught me how to handle a ship as six years before the mast couldn't have done."

"Good! We shall see to what purpose one of these days. And you have had your share of schooling, they tell me?"

"All that the academy had to give, sir."

"And that's enough for any one who has the world to tussle with. How should you like to have gone through such hard lines, Frannie?" turning to his daughter, a pale, moon-faced girl, her father's darling.

"Were you never afraid?" she asked in her pretty simpering way.

"Not to say afraid," answered Andrew, deferentially. "We knew our danger—two men alone in the leaky, broken brig—but then we could be no worse off than we were before; and as for the others—"

"They got their deserts," said Mr. Maurice.

"The poor fellows left us in such a hurry that they took hardly any water or biscuit; and at the worst our fate could not be so bad as theirs, under the hot sun in toose salt seas."

"Well, well!" said Mr. Maurice, who loved his own ease too much to like to hear of othe r dis-ease. And to turn the conversation from the possible horrors into which it might lapse, he invited his guest out into his gardens, among his grapehouses, his poultry, and his dogs. It was a long hour's ramble that they took here, well improved on both sides, for Andrew of course knew it to be for his interest to please the brig's owner; and Mr. Maurice, who prided himself on having a singularly keen insight into character, studied the young man's every word and gesture, for it was not often that he came across such material as this out of which to make his captains; and to what farther effect in this instance he pursued his studies might have been told, by any one keener than himself, through the tone of satisfaction with which, on re-entering the parlor, he bade his daughter take Andrew down the rooms and tell him the histories of the surprising pictures there. For Mr. Maurice, one of the great fortunes of the seaport, being possessed by a mania of belief that every youth who cast tender eyes upon his daughter cast them not on her, but on her future havings and holdings, had long since determined to select a husband for her himself—one who evinced no servile reverence for wealth, one whom he could trust to make her happy. "And here," he said, "I am not sure but that I have him."

When Andrew went in to see Louie a moment on his way home that night, he was in great spirits over the success of his visit, and, dark as it was, made her blush the color of the rose over the low door-way where they stood when he asked how she would like to go captain's wife next voyage. And then he told her of Mr. Maurice's scrutiny and questioning, and the half hint of a ship of his own to sail some day, and of the pale-face Miss Frannie's interest, and of the long stroll down the parlors among the pictures, the original of one of which he had seen somewhere in the Mediterranean, when he and a parcel of sailors went ashore and rambled through the port, and looked in at a church, where, in the midst of music and incense and a kneeling crowd, they were shearing the golden locks off of young girls and making nuns of them. And Andrew forgot to tell of the way in which Miss Frannie listened to him and hung upon his words: indeed, how could he? Perhaps he did not notice it himself; but if he had had a trifle more personal vanity, and had seen how this pale young girl—forbidden by a suspicious father much companionship with gallants—had forgotten all difference of station and purse, and had looked upon him, nobly made, handsome, gay, knowing far more than she did, much as upon a young god just alighted by her side a moment—if Andrew had been aware of this, and had found any words in which to repeat it, then Louie might have had something to startle her out of her blessedness, and pain might have come to her all the sooner. But since the pain would have been as sharp then as at any future time, it was a pitying, pleasant Fate that let her have her happiness as long as might be. For Louie's love was a different thing from the selfish passion that any clown may feel: she had been happy enough in her little round of commonplace satisfactions and tasks before Andrew came and shed over her this great cloud of delight—happy then just in the enjoyment of that secret love of hers that went out and sought him every night sailing over foreign sunlit waters, and hovered like a blessing round his head; and now that he had come and folded her about and about with such warm devotion, it was not for the new happiness he gave her that she loved him, but in order to make his own happiness a perfect thing, and if her heart's blood had been needed for that, it would have been poured out like water. The pale-faced Frannie—if question could be of her—might never know such love as that: love with her could be a sentiment, a lover one who added to her pleasure, but a sacrifice on her part for that lover would have been something to tell and sing forever, if indeed it were possible that such a thing should be made at all.

So day by day the spell deepened with Louie, and for another week there was delightful loneliness with this lover of hers—strolls down through the swampy woods hunting for moss to frame the prints he had brought home uninjured, and which were to be part of the furnishing of their future home; others across the salt meadows for the little red samphire stems to pickle; sails in the float down river and in the creeks, where the tall thatch parted by the prow rustled almost overhead, and the gulls came flying and piping around them: here and there, they two alone, pouring out thought and soul to each other, and every now and then glancing shyly at those days, that did not seem so very far away, when they should be sailing together through foreign parts; for Louie's father, the old fisherman, was all her household, and a maiden aunt, who earned her livelihood in nursing the sick and attending the dead, would be glad to come any day and take Louie's place in the cottage.

At the end of the week, Mr. Maurice sent for Andrew to his counting-room; and after that, on one device or another, he had him there the greater part of every day, employing him in a score of pleasant ways—asking his advice as to the repairs of the Sabrina, taking him with him in his chaise jogging through the shipyard, where a new barque was getting ready for her launching, examining him the while carefully from time to time after his wont; at last taking him casually home to dinner with him one day, keeping him to tea the next, and finally fully satisfied with the result of his studies in that edition of human nature, giving him the freedom of the family as much as if he had been the son of the house.

"I've some plans ahead for you my boy," said he one day with a knowing shake of the head; and Andrew's innocent brain began to swim straightway between the new barque and the Sabrina.

"Look at him!" said Mr. Maurice to his wife, one evening as Andrew walked in the garden with Miss Frannie. "My mind's made up about him. He's the stuff for a sea-captain, afraid neither of wind nor weather, nor the face of clay—can sail a ship and choose her cargo. He's none of your coxcombs that go courting across the way: he's a man into the core of his heart, and as well bred as any gentleman that walks; though goodness knows how he came by it."

"These sea-coast people," said his wife, reflectively (she was inland-born herself,) "see the world and learn."

"Well, what do you say to it? I don't find the flaw in him. If Heaven had given me a son, I'd have had him be like this one; and since it didn't, why here's my way to circumvent Heaven."

"Oh, my dear," said the wife, "I can't hear you talk so. And besides—"

"Well? Besides what?"

"I think it is always best to let such things take their own course. We did."

"Of course we did," laughed Mr. Maurice. "But how about our fathers and mothers?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice," not to force things."

"And who intends to force them? It's plain enough the young fellow took a fancy to our Frannie the first time he laid eyes on her, isn't it?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Maurice again, "that if Frannie should have the same fancy for him, I don't know that there'd be an objection. He is quite uncommon—quite uncommon when you consider all things—but I don't know why you want to lean her to like any one in particular, when she has such a nice home and is all we have."

"Girls will marry, Mrs. Maurice. If it isn't one, it will be another. So I had rather it should be one, and that one of my own choosing—one who will use her well, and not make ducks and drakes of her money as soon as we are gone where there's no returning, and without a 'thank you' for your pains. Look at them now! Should you imagine they thought there was any one else on earth but each other at this moment? They're fond of each other, that's plain. They'd be a remarkable-looking couple. What do you think of it?"

"Frannie might have that Indian shawl that I never undid, to appear out in," said Mrs. Maurice, pensively, continuing her own reflections rather than directly replying. "And I suppose we needn't lose her really, for she could make her home with us."

And so the conspiracy advanced, its simple victims undreaming of its approach—Louie sighing faintly to think she saw so little of Andrew now, but content, since she was sure it was for his best interests to make the friendship of the Sabrina's owner; Andrew fretting to see how all this necessary submission to superiors kept him from Louie, but more than half compensated with the dazzling visions that danced before his eyes of the Sabrina in her new rig—of the barque coming down for her masts and sails from her launching.

The Sabrina had been so badly injured by her disasters that it took much more time to repair her than had at first been thought.

"I'm going to stand by the old brig," said Andrew, to some one—by accident, it was in Mr. Maurice's hearing. "But if I'd known it was going to take so long to have her whole again, I should have made a penny in taking a run down the bay, for I had an offer to go second mate on the Tartar."

"I'll go one better than that," said Mr. Maurice then. "Here's the Frannie, nearly ready to clear for New Orleans and Liverpool, with your old captain. You shall go mate of her. That'll show if you can handle a ship. The Sabrina won't be at the wharf till the round voyage is over and the Frannie coming up the stream again. What say you?"

Of course what Andrew said was modest thanks—what he felt was a rhapsody of delight; and when he told Louie that night, what she said was a sob, and what she felt was a blank of fright and foreboding. Oh, what should she do? cried the selfish little thing—what should she do in the long, long, weary days with Andrew gone? But then in a moment she remembered that this was the first step toward going master of that craft in which her bridal voyage was to be taken. "And what a long step it is, Andrew!" she cried. "Was the like of it ever known before? What a long, long step it would be but for that bitter apprenticeship when you and the captain brought the wreck home!"

"Ay," said Andrew, proudly; "I served my time before the mast then, if ever any did."

"And I suppose with the next step you will be master of the Sabrina? Oh, I should so like it!"

"I don't know," said Andrew, more doubtfully than he had used to speak. "I'm afraid the owners will think this enough. This is a great lift. I'll do my best to satisfy them, though; for I'd rather sail master of the Sabrina than of the biggest man-of-war afloat."

"We used to play round her when we were children," said Louie, encouragingly. "Don't you remember leading me down once to admire the lady on her stern?—like a water-witch just gilded in the rays of some sunrise she had come up to see, you said."

"Yes; and we used to climb her shrouds, we boys, and get through the lubber-hole, before we could spell her name out. She's made of heart of oak; she'll float still when the Frannie is nothing but sawdust. We used to watch for her in the newspapers—we used to know just as much about her goings and comings as the owner did. Somehow—I don't know why—I've always felt as if my fate and fortune hung upon her. It used to be the top of my ambition to go master of her. It is now. I couldn't make up my mind to leave her when the others did that cruel morning after the wreck; and when the captain said he should stay by her, my heart sprang up as if she had been a living thing, and I stayed too. And I'd rather sail her than a European steamer to-day—that I would, by George!"

"Oh, of course you will," said the sympathizing voice beside him.

"I don't know," said Andrew again, more slowly and reflectively. "I've the idea—and I can't say how I got it—that there's some condition or other attached to my promotion—that there's something Mr. Maurice means that I shall do, and if I don't do it I don't get my lift. It can't be anything about wages; I don't know what it is!"

"Perhaps," said Louie, innocently, and without a glimpse of the train her thoughtless words fired—"perhaps he means for you to marry Frannie!" laughing a little laugh at the absurd impossibility.

And Andrew started as if a bee had stung him, and saw it all. But in a moment he only drew Louie closer, and kissed her more passionately, and sat there caressing her the more tenderly while they listened to a thrush that had built in the garden thicket, mistaking it for the wood, so near the town's edge was it, and so still and sunny was the garden all day long with its odors of southernwood and mint and balm; and he delayed there longer, holding her as if now at least she was his own, whatever she might be thereafter.

As he walked home that night, and went and sat upon the wharf and watched the starlit tide come in, he saw it all again, but with thoughts like a procession of phantoms, as if they had no part even in the possible things of life, and were indeed nothing to him. How could they have any meaning to him—to him, Louie's lover? What would the whole world be to him, what the sailing of the Sabrina, without Louie? And then a shiver ran across him; what would Louie be to him without the sailing of the Sabrina? for that, indeed, as he had said, was the top of his ambition, and that being his ambition, perhaps ambition was as strong with him as love.

But with this new discovery on Andrew's part of Mr. Maurice's desires, Andrew could only recall circumstances, words, looks, hints; he could not shape to himself any line of duty or its consequences; enough to see that Mr. Maurice fancied his simple and thoughtless attentions to Frannie to be lover-like, and, approving him, looked kindly on them and made his plans accordingly; enough to see that if he should reject this tacit proffer of the daughter's hand, then the Sabrina was scarcely likely to be his; and that in spite of such probability, the first and requisite thing in honor for him to do was to tell Mr. Maurice of his marriage engagement with Louie, and then, if the man had neither gratitude nor sense enough to reward him for his assistance in saving the brig, to trust to fortune and to time, that at last makes all things even. As he sat there listening to the lapping of the water and idly watching the reflected stars peer up and shatter in a hundred splinters with every wash of the dark tide, he could not so instantaneously decide as to whether he should make this confession or not. "What business is it of Maurice's?" he said to himself. "Does he think every one that looks at his scarecrow of a daughter—" But there he had need to acknowledge to himself his injustice to Miss Frannie, a modest maiden who had more cause to complain of him than he had of her, since he had done his best to please her, and her only fault lay in being pleased so easily. She was pleased with him; he understood that now, though his endeavors to enlist her had been for a very different manifestation of interest. Perhaps it flattered him a little; he paused long enough to consider what sort of a lot it would be if he really had been plighted to Frannie instead of Louie. Love and all that nonsense, he had heard say, changed presently into a quiet sort of contentment; and if that were so, it would be all the same at the end of a few years which one he took. He felt that Frannie was not very sympathetic, that her large white face seldom sparkled with much intelligence, that she would make but a dull companion; but, for all that, she would be, he knew, an excellent housewife; she would bring a house with her, too; and when a man is married, and has half a dozen children tumbling round him, there is entertainment enough for him, and it is another bond between him and the wife he did not love too well at first; and if she were his, his would be the Sabrina also, and when the Sabrina's days were over perhaps a great East Indiaman, and with that the respect and deference of all his townsmen; court would be paid to him, his words would be words of weight, he would have a voice in the selection of town-officers, he would roll up money in the bank, and some day he should be master of the great Maurice mansion and the gardens and grape-houses. It was a brilliant picture to him, doubtless, but in some way the recollection of two barelegged little children digging clams down on the flats when the tide was out, with the great white light-house watching them across the deserted stretches of the long bent eel-grass, rose suddenly and wiped the other picture out, and he saw the wind blowing in Louie's brown and silken hair and kissing the color on her cheeks; he saw the shy sparkle of her downcast eyes, lovely and brown then as they were now; and as he stood erect at last, snapping his fingers defiantly, he felt that he had bidden Mr. Maurice's ships and stocks and houses and daughter go hang, and had made his choice rather to walk with Louie on his arm than as master of the Sabrina.

It was a good resolution; and if he had but sealed it by speaking next day to Mr. Maurice of his engagement, there would not have been a word to say. But, though he valiantly meant to do it, it was not so easy, after all, as he had thought, and so he put it off for a more convenient season, and the season did not come, and the day of sailing did. And the outfit that went on board the Frannie was made and packed by the hands of Mrs. Maurice and her daughter—such an outfit as he had never dreamed of; such warm woollens for the storms, such soft linens for the heats, such finery for port, such dainties and delicacies as only the first mate of the Frannie could think to have. And as for Louie, it was no outfit, no costly gift of gold or trouble either, that she could give him; she had nothing for him but a long, fine chain woven of her own hair, and she hung it round his neck with tears and embraces and words that could not be uttered and sighs that changed to sobs, and then came lingering delay upon delay, and passionate parting at the last. But when the crew had weighed anchor and the sails were swelling and the waves beyond the bar crying out for them, Miss Frannie and her mother could still be seen waving their handkerchiefs from an upper window; and half blind with the sorrow and the pain he choked away from sight, and mad with shame to think he had found no way but to accept their favors, Andrew felt that their signal must be answered, and sullenly waved his own reply; and then the pilot was leav-

ing the barque, and presently the shore and all its complications, and Louie crying herself sick, were forgotten in the excitement of the moment and its new duties.

"Didn't say a word of love to Frarnie, eh?" remarked Mr. Maurice in answer to his wife's communications that evening. "A noble lad, then! I like him all the better for it. He shall have her all the sooner. He won't abuse our confidence: that's it. He'll wait till he's bridged over the gap between them. The first mate of a successful voyage is a better match for my daughter than the boy who stayed by the Sabrina, brave as he was. He's fond of her? Don't you think so? There's no doubt about that! None at all! All in good time—all in good time. I'll speak to him myself. They're going to write to each other? I thought so."

Short as the trip was that the Frarnie made in that favorable season, it seemed to Louie an interminable period; but from the cheerful, hopeful smile upon her lips no one would ever have known how her heart was longing for her lover as she went about her work; for the little housekeeper had quite too much to do in keeping the cottage clean, the garden weedless, the nets mended, to be able to neglect one duty for any love-sick fancies it might be pleasant to indulge. From morning till night her days were full in bringing happiness to others: there was her father to make comfortable; there were the sick old women, of whom her aunt brought word, to concoct some delicacy for—a cup of custard, to wit, a dish of the water-jelly she had learned how to make from the sea-moss she gathered on the beach, a broiled and buttered mushroom from the garden; there were the canaries and the cat to be cared for, and the dog that Andrew left with her to feed and shower caresses on; and there was the parrot's toilet to be made and her lesson to be taught, and the single jars of preserves and pickles and ketchups to be put up for winter, and the herbs to be dried: there were not, you may see, many minutes to be wasted out of that busy little life in castle-building or in crying. One day there came a letter with Victoria's head and the Liverpool stamp upon it: she knew it by heart presently, and wore it next her heart by night and day; and even if she had known that Miss Frarnie Maurice received one in the same handwriting by the same mail, it would hardly have made much difference to her; and one day the Sabrina, all freshly coppered and painted and repaired, with new masts and sails, and so much else that it was not easy to say what part of her now represented the old brig came round to her old wharf and began to take in cargo. Louie ran down one evening with her father, and went all over her from stem to stern, only one old sailor being aboard; and she could have told you then every rope from clew to ear ring; and, as if it were all the realization of a dream, a thousand happy, daring thoughts of herself and Andrew then filled her fancy like birds in a nest; and so swiftly after that did one day flew into another for Louie that the Frarnie lay in the mid-stream once more before she had more than begun to count the days to that on which her Liverpool letter had promised that she should see its writer come walking into her father's cottage again.

But she never did see him come walking into her father's cottage again. That promised day passed and the night, and another—a long, long day that seemed as if it would never quench its flame in sunset, and a night that seemed as if it would never know the dawning; but the threshold of the fisherman's cottage Andrew Traverse crossed no more.

For Mr. Maurice, on this notable errand of circumventing Heaven, had been ahead of Fate, and had gone down on the pilot boat to meet the Frarnie—with no settled designs of course, but in his own impatient pleasure; and, delighted with the ship-master's report and with the financial promise of the voyage, the cargo, the freights, and ventures and all, had greeted Andrew with a large-hearted warmth and after a manner that no churl could withstand; and unwilling to listen to any refusal, had taken Andrew up to the mansion-house with him the moment the ship had touched the wharf.

"You don't ask after her?" said Mr. Maurice when they were alone in the chaise together. And knowing well enough what he meant, Andrew blushed through all his bronze—knowing well enough, for had he not gone below in a mighty hurry and tricked himself out in his best toggery so soon as he understood there was no escape from the visit? Louie would have been glad enough to see him in his red shirt and tarpaulin!

"Oh, you scamp!" said Mr. Maurice, quickly then detecting the blush. "Don't say a word! I've been there myself: I know how you're longing to see her; and she's been at the window looking through the glass every half hour, the puss!"

"Mr. Maurice," began Andrew, half trembling, but wholly resolved, he thought—although it must be confessed that with time, and distance, and Frarnie's effusive letters and flattering prospects on the other hand, Louie's image was not so bright at that moment as it had been at others, and for that very reason Andrew was taking great credit to himself for his upright intentions—credit enough to tide him over a good deal of baseness if need were,—"Mr. Maurice—" he began; and there he paused to frame his sentence more suitably, for it was no easy thing to tell a man that he was throwing his child at one who did not care for her, and that man the disposer of his fortunes.

But Mr. Maurice saved him any such trouble. "I know all you're going to say," he exclaimed. "I understand your hesitation, and I honor you for it. But I'm no fool, and there's no need to have you tell me that you want my Frarnie, for I've known that long ago."

"Mr. Maurice!"

"Yes, I have," answered the impulsive gentleman. "Mrs. Maurice and I talked it over as soon as we saw which way the wind lay; but of course we decided to say nothing till we were sure, quite sure, that it was Frarnie and not her prospects—"

"Oh, sir, you—"

"Tush, tush! I know all about it now. But it becomes a father to be wary," continued the other, taking the words from Andrew's lips in spite of himself, and quite wary enough not to mention that in Frarnie's easily-excited favor a young scapegrace was very likely to supplant Mr. Andrew if things were not brought to a point at once. "It was my duty to look at all sides," he said, without stopping for breath. "Now I know you, and I see you'd rather give the girl the go-by forever than have her think you wanted her because she was her father's daughter, and not some poor fisherman's."

"Indeed, indeed—" began Andrew again, leaning forward, his cheeks crimson, his very hands shaking.

"Of course, my boy," interrupted his companion as before—"of course. Don't say a word: you're welcome to her at last. I never thought I'd surrender her to any one so freely; but if I were choosing from all the world, Andrew, I don't know any one I'd choose sooner for my son. She's a sensible girl, my Frarnie is, at bottom. We know her heart: it's a good heart—only the froth of all young girl's fancies to be blown off. And the Sabrina always was a pet of mine, and, though I've said nothing of it, I've meant her for Frarnie's husband this many a day." And before Andrew, in his flurry and embarrassment and bewilderment, could enunciate any distinct denial of anything or avowal of anything else, the chaise was at the door, and Mrs. Maurice was waiting for him with extended hands, and Frarnie was standing and smiling behind, half turned to run away. And Mr. Maurice cried out:—"Captain Traverse of the Sabrina, my dear! Here, Frarnie, Frarnie! none of your airs and graces! Come and give your sweetheart an honest kiss!". And Andrew, doubting if the minister were not behind the door and he should not find himself married out of hand, irresolute, cowardly, too weak to give up the Sabrina and that sweet new title just ringing in his ears, was passed along by Mr. Maurice's foolish, hearty hand till he found himself bending over Frarnie with his arm around her waist, his lips upon her cheek, and without, as it seemed to him, either choice or volition on his part. But as he looked up and saw the portraits of the girl's grandfathers, where they appeared to be looking down at him stern and questioning, a guilty shame over the wrong he was doing their child smote him sorely: he saw that he had allowed the one instant of choice to slip away; the sense came over him that he had sealed his own doom, while a vision of Louie's face, full of desolation and horror, was scorching in upon his soul; and there, in the moment of betrothal, his punishment began. He stole down to the Sabrina's wharf that evening, after the moon had set, and looking round to see that it was quite forsaken at that hour, he took from his neck a long, slender hair-chain to drop over into the deep water there: but as he held the thing it seemed suddenly to coil round his hand with a caress, as if it were still a part of Louie's self. He stamped his foot and ground his heel into the earth there with a cry and an oath, and put the chain back again whence he had taken it, and swore he would wear it until they laid his bones under ground. And he looked up at the dark lines of the brig looming like the black skeleton of an evil thing against the darkness of the night, and he cursed himself for a traitor to both women—for a hypocrite, a craven, a man sold to the highest bidder. Well, well, Captain Traverse, there are curses that cling! And Louie sat in the gloom at the widow of the fisherman's cottage down below the town, and sighed and wondered and longed and waited, but Captain Traverse went back to the Maurice's mansion.

It is one of the enigmas of this existence how women forgive the wrong of such hours as came to Louie now—hours of suspense and suffering—hours of a misery worse than the worm's misery in blindness and pain before it finds its wings.

At first she expected her lover, and speculated as to his delay, and fretted to think anything might detain him from her; and now she was amazed, and now vexed, and now she was forgiving the neglect, accusing herself and making countless excuses for him; and now imagining a thousand dire mishaps. But as the third day came and he was still away—who had been always wont to seek her as soon as the craft was made fast to wharf—then she felt her worst forbodings taking bodily shape: he was ill, he had fallen overboard, he had left the vessel at Liverpool and shipped upon another, and a letter would come directly to say so; or else he had been waylaid and robbed and made away with: not once did she dream that he was false to her—to her, a portion of his own life!

How it was with him there were numberless ways in which she might have discovered, for every soul of her acquaintance knew Andrew, and must be aware of the fact if he were missing or ailing, or if any other ill chance had befallen him. But as often as she tried to address one or another passing by the window, her voice failed her and her heart, and she asked no questions, and only waited on. A life of suspense, exclaims some one, a life of a spider! And when we are in suspense, says another, all our aids are in suspense with us. Day after day she stayed continually in the house, looking for him to come, never stirring out even into the garden, lest coming she might miss him. Night after night she sat alone at her window till the distant town-clocks struck midnight—now picturing to herself the glad minute of his coming, the quick explaining words, the bursting tears of relief, the joy of that warm embrace, the touch of those strong arms—now convinced that he would never come, and her heart sinking into a bitter loneliness of despair.

It grew worse with her when she knew that he was really in the town, alive and well; for, from the scuttle in the roof, by the aid of her father's glass, she could see the Sabrina, and one day she was sure that a form whose familiar outline made her pulses leap was Andrew himself giving orders on the deck there; and after that she tortured herself with conjectures till her brain was wild—chained hand and foot, unable to write him or seek him in any maidenly modesty, heart and soul in a ferment. Still she waited in that shuddering suspense, with every nerve so tightly strung that voice or footfall vibrated on them in pain. If Andrew, in the midst of the gayeties by which he found himself accepted of the Maurice's friends, was never haunted by any thought of all this, his heart had grown stouter in one year's time than twenty years had found and left it previously.

But Louie's suspense was of no long duration, as time goes, though to her it was a lifetime. A week covered it—a week full of stings and fevered restlessness—when her father came in one day and said bitterly, thinking it best to make an end of all at once: "So I hear that a friend of ours has been paid off at last. Captain Andrew Traverse, of the Sabrina, is going to marry his owner's daughter Frarnie. Luck will take passage on that brig!" And when Louie rose from the bed on which she lay down that night, the Sabrina had been a fortnight gone on her long voyage—a voyage where the captain had sailed alone, postponing the evil day perhaps, and at any rate pleading too much inexperience, for all his dazzling promotion, to be trusted with so precious a thing as a wife on board during the first trip. He had not felt that hesitation once when portraying the possibilities of the voyage to another.

It was not a long illness, Louie's, though it had been severe enough to destroy for her consciousness both of pain and pleasure. Her aunt had left other work and had nursed her through it; but, when strong and well once more, she went about her old duties, it seemed to her that that consciousness had never returned: she took up life with utter listlessness and indifference, and she fancied that her love for Andrew was as dead as all the rest. The poor little thing, laying this flattering unction to heart, did not call much reason to her aid, or she would have known that there was some meaning in it when she cried all day on coming across an old daguerreotype of Andrew. "It isn't for love of him," she sobbed. "It's for the loss of all that love out of my life that was heaven to me. Oh no, no! I love him no longer: I can't, I can't love him: he is all the same as another woman's husband." But, despite this stout assertion, she could not bring herself to part with that picture: he was not in reality quite the husband of another woman, and till he was indeed she meant to keep it. "He is only promised to her yet, and he was promised first to me," she said for salve to conscience; and meanwhile the picture grew so blurred with conscious tears, and perhaps with unconscious kisses, that it might have been his or another's: Miss Frarnie herself, had she seen it, could not have told whose it was.

Notwithstanding all the elasticity of youth, life became an inexpressibly dull thing to Louie as the year wore into the next—dull, with neither aim nor object, the past a pain to remember, the future a blank to consider. She could live only from day to day, one day like another, till they grew so wearisome she wondered her hair was not gray—the pretty hair that, shorn from her head in her illness, had grown again in a short fleece of silky curls—for it seemed to her that she had lived a hundred years. And because troubles never come alone, and one perhaps makes the other seem lighter and better to be borne, in the thick of a long winter's storm they brought home her father, the old fisherman, drowned and dead.

Captain Traverse knew of the old fisherman's death through the newspapers that found him in his foreign ports—not through Miss Frarnie's letters, for she knew almost nothing of the existence or non-existence of such low people; and therefore, conjecture as he needs must concerning Louie's means of livelihood now, there was no intelligence to relieve any anxiety he might have felt, or to inform him of the sale of the cottage to pay the debt of the mortgage under which it was bought, or of the support that Louie earned in helping her aunt watch with the sick and lay out the dead: he could only be pricked with knowledge of the fact that he had no right to his anxiety, or to the mention of her name even in his prayers—if he said them.

Poor little Louie! A sad end to such a joyous youth as hers had been, you would have said; but, in truth, her new work was soothing to her; her heart was simply in harmony with suffering, with death and desolation, and by degrees she found that comfort from her double sorrows in doing her best to bring comfort to others which it may be she could never have found had she been the pampered darling of some wealthy house. Often, when she forgot what she was doing, Louie made surmises concerning Frarnie Maurice, wondering if she were the noble thing that Andrew needed to ennoble him—if she were really so strong and beautiful that the mere sight of her had killed all thought or memory of an older love; trying to believe her all that his guardian angel might wish his wife to be, and to acknowledge that she herself was so low and small and ignorant that she could only have injured him—to be convinced that it was neither weakness, nor covetousness, nor perjury in Andrew, having met the sun, to forget the shadows; wondering then if Frarnie cared for him as she herself had done, and crying out aloud that that could never be, until the sound of her own robe woke her from her forbidden dream. But at other times a calm came to Louie that was more pathetic than her wildest grief: it was the acquiescence in what Providence had chosen for Andrew, cost herself what it might—it was the submission of the atom beneath the wheels of the great engine.

It is true that as, late in the night, when all the town was asleep and only silence and she abroad, she walked home by herself from some death-bed whose occupant she had composed decently for the last sleep, she used to wish it were herself lying there on that moveless pillow, and soon to be sheltered from the cruel light by the bosom of the kindly earth. For now, as she passed the birches softly rustling in the night wind, and hurried by, she remembered other times when she had passed them, and had stopped to listen, cared for, protected, with Andrew's arm about her; and now, as the clocks, one after another, remotely chimed the hour, the sound smote her with a familiar sweetness full of pain; and now, as she came along the sea-wall and saw the dark river glimmering widely and ever the same, while its mysterious tide flowed to meet the far-off spark of the lighthouse lantern, she recalled a hundred happy hours when she and Andrew in the boat together had rocked there in soft summer nights, with sunset melting in the stream and wrapping them about with rosy twilight; or those when whispers of the September gales swelled the sail, and the boat flew like a gull from crest to crest of the bar; or those when misty sea-turns crept up stream and folded them, and drowned the sparkle of the lighthouse and the emerald and ruby ray of the channel lights, and left them shut away from the world, alone with each other on the great gray current silently sweeping to the sea—times when she knew no fear, trusting in the strong arm and stout heart beside her, before the river had brought death to her door; when the whole of life seemed radiant and rich—times that made this solitary night walk to-day now seem colder and drearier and darker than the grave—that made her wish is ended in a grave.

And so at length the year slipped by, and spring had come again, and the sap had leaped up the bough and burst into blossom there, and the blood had bubbled freshly in the veins of youth, and hope had once more gladdened all the world but Louie. With her only a dull patience stayed that tried to call itself content, until she heard it rumored among the harbor-people that the Sabrina was nearly due again, and with that her heart beat so tumultuously that she had to crush it down again with the thought that, though Andrew every day drew nearer, came up the happy climates of southern latitudes and spread his sails on favoring gales for home, he only hastened to his wedding-day. And one day, at last, she rose to see a craft anchored in the middle channel down below the piers, unpainted and uncleaned by any crew eager to show their best to shore—a black and blistered brig, with furled sails and silent deck; and some men called it the fever-ship, and some men called it the Sabrina.

As the news of the brig's return and of her terrible companion spread through the town, a panic followed it, and the feeling with which she was regarded all along the shore during that day and the next would hardly be believed by any but those who have once been in the neighborhood of a pestilence themselves. Exaggerated accounts of a swift, strange illness, by many believed to be the ancient plague revived again and cast loose through the land from Asiatic ships, had reached the old port; and aware that they were peculiarly exposed by reason of their trade, small as it was, the people there had already died a thousand deaths through expectation of the present coming of the fever already raging in other parts. Hitherto, the health-officers, boarding everything that appeared, had found no occasion to give anything but clean papers, and the town had breathed again. But now, when at last it spread from lip to lip that the fever lay at anchor in mid-channel, knees shook and cheeks grew white, and health-officer and port-physician, in spite of the almost instantaneous brevity of their visit to the infected vessel, were avoided as though they were the pestilence themselves, and not a soul in all the town was found to carry a cup of cold water to the gasping, burning men cared for only by those in less desperate strait than themselves, and who, having buried two-thirds of their number in deep-sea soundings, were likely to be denied as much as a grave on shore themselves; while to Mr. Maurice, half wild with perplexity and foreboding and amazement at Miss Frarnie's yet wilder terror,—to him the red lantern hung out by the brig at nightfall magnified itself in the mist into a crimson cloud where with wide wings lurked the very demon of Fever himself.

Not a soul to carry the cup of cold water, did I say? Yes, one timid little soul there was, waiting in a fever of longing herself—waiting that those who had a right to go might do so if they would—waiting till assured that neither Frarnie Maurice nor her parents had the first intention of going, though affianced husband and chosen son lay dying there—waiting in agony of impatience, since every delay might possibly mean death—one little brave and timid soul there was who ventured forth on her errand of mercy alone. The fisherman's old boat still lay rocking in the cove, and the oars stood in the shed; Louie knew how to use them well, and making her preparations by daylight, and leaving the rest till nightfall, lest she should be hindered by the authorities, she found means to impress the little cow-boy into her service; and after dark a keg of sweet water was trundled down and stored amidships of the boat, with an enormous block of ice rolled in an old blanket; a basket of lemons and oranges was added, a roll of fresh bed-linen, a little box of such medicines as her last year's practice had taught her might be of use; and extorting a promise from the boy that he would leave another block of ice on the bank every night after dark for her to come and fetch, Louie quickly stepped into the boat, lifted the oars, and slipt away into the darkness of the great and quiet river.

When, three days afterward, Captain Traverse unclosed his eyes from a dream of Gehenna and the place the smoke of whose torment goes up forever, a strange confusion crept like a haze across his mind, tired out and tortured with delirium, and he dropped the aching lids and fell away into slumber again; for he had thought himself vexed with the creak of cordage and noise of feet, strived in his dark and narrow cabin, on a filthy bed in a foul air, if any air at all were in that noisome place, reeking with heat and the ferment of bilge-water and fever-smell; and here, unless a new delirium chained him, a mattress lay upon the deck with the awning of an old sail stretched above it and making soft shadow out of scorching sun, a gentle wind was blowing over him, a land-breeze full of sweet scents from the gardens on the shore, from the meadows and the marshes. Silence broken only by a soft wash of water surrounded him; a flake of ice lay between his lips, that had lately been parched and withering, and delicious coolness swathed his head, that had seemed to be a ball of burning fire. The last that he remembered had been a hot, dry, aching agony, and this was bliss; the sleep into which he fell when waking from the stupor that had benumbed his power of suffering—a power that had rioted till no more could be suffered—lasted during all the spell of that fervid noon sun that hung above the harbor and the town like the unbroken seal of the expected pestilence. A strange still town, fear and heat keeping its streets deserted, its people longing for an east wind that should kill the fever, yet dreading lest it should blow the fever in on them; a strange still harbor, its great peaceful river darkened only by that blot where the sun-soaked craft swung at her anchor; a strange still craft, where nothing stirred but one slender form, one little bony that went about laying wet clothes upon this rude sailor's head, broken ice between the lips of that one, moistening dry palms, measuring out cooling draughts, and only resting now and then to watch one sleeper sleep, to hang and hear if in that deep dream there were any breathing and it were not the last sleep of all. And in Louie's heart there was something just as strange and still as in all other things throughout that wearing, blinding day; but with her the calm was not of fear, only of unspeakable joy; for if Andrew lived it was she that had saved him, and though he died, his delirium had told her that his heart was hers. "If he dies, he is mine!" she cried triumphantly, forgetting all the long struggle of scruple and doubt, "and if he lives, he shall never be hers!" she cried softly and with that inner voice that no one hears.

And so the heat slipped down with the sun to other horizons, coolness crept in upon the running river's breast with the dusk, dew gathered and lay darkly glittering on rail and spar and shroud as star by star stole out to sparkle in it; and Andrew raised his eyes at length, and they rested long and unwaveringly on the little figure sitting not far away with hands crossed about the knees and eyes looking out into the last light—the tranquil, happy face from which a white handkerchief kept back the flying hair while giving it the likeness of a nun's. Was it a dream? Was it Louie? Or was it only some one of the tormenting phantoms that for so many burning days had haunted him? He tried in vain to ask; his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; he seemed to be in the power of one of those fierce nightmares where life depends on a word and the word is not to be spoken. Only a vision, then; he closed his lids thinking it would be gone when he lifted them, but he did not want it to be gone, and looked again to find it as before. And by-and-by it seemed to him that long since, in a far-off dream, he had gathered strength and uttered the one thought of his fever, "Louie, what do you do now?" and she had answered him, as though she thought aloud, "I stroke the dead;" and he had cried out, "Then presently me too, me too! And let the shroud be slotted heavily to bury me out of your sight!" And he was crying it out again, but while he spoke a mouth was laid on his—a warm, sweet mouth that seemed to breathe fresh spirit through his frame—his head was lifted and pillowed on a breast where he could hear the heart beneath flutter like a happy bird, and he was wrapped once more in slumber, but this time slumber sweet as it was deep.

Morning was dawning over the vessel's side, a dream of rosy lustre stirring through the purple and pearly mist, behind which the stars grew large and lost while it moved away to the west in one great cloud, and out of which the river gleamed as if just newly rolled from its everlasting fountains—morning was drawing with the sweet freshness of its fragrant airs stealing from warm low fields, when Andrew once more lifted his eyes only to find that tranquil face above him still, that happy heart still beating beneath his pillowed head. "Oh, Louie," he sighed, "speak to me—say—have I died?—am I forgiven?—is this heaven?"

"To me, dear—oh, to me!" answered she with the old radiant smile that used to make his pulse quicken, and that, ill as he yet was, reassured him as to his earthly latitude and longitude.

"And it was all a dream, then?" he murmured. "And I have not lost you?" He raised his wasted hand and drew from his breast the little hair chain that he had hidden there so long ago. "It was a fetter I could not break," he whispered. "I wrote her all about it long ago. I wrote her father that he should have this vessel back again—and I would take my freedom—and not a dollar's wages for the voyage would I ever draw of him. But I should never have dared see you—for—oh, Louie—how can you ever—"

"Hush, hush, dear!" she breathed.—"What odds is all that now? We have our life before us."

"Only just help me live it, Louie."

"God will help us," she answered. And as she spoke a sudden rainbow leaped into the western heaven as if to seal her promise, and as it slowly faded there came a wild salt smell, an air that tingled like a tonic through the veins; the east wind was singing in from sea, bringing the music of breaker and shore, and the fever was blasted by its breath throughout the little Sabrina.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

☞ Wild pigeons are never seen in the Rocky Mountains.

☞ An Albany undertaker has invented a coffin which "folds down" and exposes the body at full length, making it appear as if reclining on a sofa. It is designed to save people of weak nerves the shocking sight of a coffin that looks like a coffin.

☞ A San Francisco letter says: "There is not a solitary opening in the State of California, vast as it is, for another clerk, bookkeeper, salesman, half-educated doctor, mining-stock broker or general adventurer."

☞ The squares and pleasure grounds of Paris have been planted with cabbages and cauliflowers for the use of the inhabitants.

☞ Linen can be glazed by adding a teaspoonful of salt and one of finely-scraped white soap into a pint of starch.

☞ The New York Commercial Advertiser says that a census-taker in a rural district of Missouri, reports two pairs of twins born in the last three years to a happy couple named Woodbine. Thus is at last found Mr. Fisk's favorite place, "where the Woodbine twin-eth."

☞ The Mayor of Louisville has vetoed an ordinance against staring at pretty women in the streets, on the ground that it is rather the man who does not admire female beauty on whom the vengeance of the law should fall, and that if such an ordinance should be enforced, the city government would have to be indicted under its provisions.

☞ I hate anything that occupies more space than it is worth. I hate to see a load of bandboxes go along the street, and I hate to see a parcel of big words without anything in them.—*Hazlitt.*

☞ A balloon passage out of Paris costs four hundred dollars.

☞ There are ten thousand square miles of coal deposits in Ohio.

☞ An acre of land has been sold in the city of London for $3,600,000, and in nearly every portion of the city land is said to be increasing in value every year.

☞ A Kansas paper correctly remarks that a gentleman in the horse business was "induced to try another sphere of operations by about forty feet of rope."

☞ A Western novelty is baptism by moonlight.

☞ Sweet clover grows to the height of six feet in Utah.

☞ The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has decided that a contract made and carried into effect on Sunday cannot be repudiated by either party.

☞ Talent forms itself in solitude,
Character in the storms of life.
—*Goethe.*

☞ A SUBSTITUTE.—"Do you believe in the rod as an instrument of discipline?" asked a mother of a school teacher in Nevada, to whom she had taken her unruly son. "No, madam." "Oh, I am so glad! What do you substitute for it?" "The revolver, madam." Exit mother and unruly son.

☞ Mrs. Boffin is still much troubled to know why gold shouldn't be discovered in pints as well as in quarts.

☞ "Phil, my jewel," said Pat, "I'm mighty sorry you can't dine with me to-day." "Arrah, and why can't I dine with you?" said the astonished Phil. "Because, my dear," returned Pat, "I haven't asked ye as yet."

☞ Some one wrote in a hotel visitors' book his initials, "A. S." A wag wrote underneath, "Two-thirds of the truth."

☞ A correspondent has a novel cure for a balky horse. He says:—"Fill his mouth with dry, loose dirt, take hold of his bit, and he will go if there is any go in him."

☞ Lamb once said to a brother whist player, "If dirt was trumps, what a hand you would have."

☞ Henry Ward Beecher says that "a man's noblest actions are not lost, even though he is guilty of much that is ignoble; but the main and lasting strength of his example depends upon the moral tone of his daily life."

☞ The French balloons with a fair wind, go about as fast as the express trains on American railroads.

☞ A "shoemaker" writes that he is not only willing to give woman her rights, but her "rights and lefts." That is his last joke.

☞ Kentucky has developed a unicorn. A Cotswold buck has sprouted since April a single horn, thirteen inches long.

☞ Dr. Dio Lewis submits that a man's stomach is nearer his soul than his brain, that dyspepsia ruins character, and that the examination of a man's liver gives a better clue to the kind of man he is than an examination of the skull.

☞ There has been a discussion in England as to the value of acorns as food for cattle. Some persons say that they are poisonous, while others estimate the acorn crop in that country this year as worth more than a million sterling. The fact seems to be that acorns, dry and ripe, are very valuable food for swine and sheep, taken in moderation.

☞ A German paper in Akron, Ohio, recently published a betrothal such as is customary in the old country, a translation of which reads as follows:—The betrothal of our daughter, Andrea, with the printer, Mr. W. Miller, in Akron, Ohio, is hereby given notice of.

H. GENTS AND WIFE.

Cleveland, Nov. 12, 1870.

☞ CLERGYMEN'S SALARIES.—Ten years ago, says the Congregationalist, the highest salary paid to any Trinitarian Congregational Clergyman in Massachusetts was $2,400. Last year, twenty-eight churches paid $2,500; nineteen churches, $3,000; twelve churches, $3,500; five churches, $4,000; one church, $4,500; and three churches, $5,000.

☞ A farmer in Orange county, Florida, during the season, realizes $125 a month from nine banana plants.

☞ The "iridescent" is the name applied to a new style of invitation card, which radiates the hues of the rainbow.

☞ Although Russia delights to display on her coins and postage stamps the effigy of the double-headed eagle, she is trying all she can to be a turkey gobbler.

☞ A correspondent of Scribner's Monthly, states that it was Dr. Evans, the American dentist, who helped the Empress Eugenie to escape by the skin of her teeth, and not M. de Lesseps.

☞ Street-cars, moved by compressed air, are running in Chicago. At the trial trip on Saturday, one of them went three miles and a quarter in thirty minutes, with an initial pressure of one hundred and twenty-five pounds to the square inch.

☞ The value of diamonds has been largely depreciated by the quantity offered for sale in London by French families. Mr. Emanuel, an eminent authority, places this depreciation at 30 per cent. It is probably known to those interested in precious stones that a similar depreciation followed the large French emigration to London after the revolution.

☞ Jethro is the smallest town in the United States that is lighted with gas. It is on the Ohio River, and has ninety-nine inhabitants.

☞ However much physical disease may tend to improve the spiritual health, no man was ever improved by a tendency to toothache.

☞ Some young brides think it an evidence of brilliancy to omit the "obey" in the troth-plighting of the Episcopal marriage service. One of them was much shocked, a short time since, when the officiating minister refused to proceed with the ceremony till the obnoxious word was audibly uttered by the rebellious damsel.

☞ The revisers of the New Testament have decided that the true translation of the passage in the Lord's Prayer is, "Deliver us from the evil one." They have also agreed to expunge the Doxology at the end, as it is absent from all the earlier editions.

☞ Good Sir Frances Lyett offers $250,000, if the Wesleyan Conference will raise an equal amount, to build fifty chapels in London.

☞ Wedding presents are coming to be counted as capital upon which the business of married life is to be carried on. Not long since, at the wedding of a daughter of ex-Collector Smythe, the presents were estimated to represent $80,000. More recently, another wedding among the couponed fortunates took place, at which the presents were valued at $200,000.

☞ The Chicago Tribune, alluding to the grain elevators in that city, says—"For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee have no monopoly."

☞ The commerce of the world, it is estimated, requires 3,600,000 navigators.

☞ A wonderful surgical operation was performed a short time since at Canton, Illinois. A girl, whose face had been almost completely eaten away by an ulceration, was about to commit suicide, when she was taken in hand by a doctor, the progress of the disease arrested, and a piece of flesh taken from the body and successfully transplanted in the face. Teeth were supplied by a dentist—and now the girl has so far recovered, that she might pass in society without having any deformity noticed.

☞ James Freeman Clarke, in Old and New, says "A politician is a man who thinks of the next election; while a statesman thinks of the next generation."

☞ Some careful man has ascertained that the average head contains 130,000 hairs. The average moustache contains about 14.

☞ The Boston Advertiser says that Philadelphia rivals Massachusetts in the shoe trade. And some Massachusetts ladies say that the Philadelphia shoes are far superior to the home made.

☞ A Montreal bank had $3,000 in gold deposited by Wilkes Booth just before his work of assassination, and though the bank has often notified his brother and his mother, both decline to take the money. In a few years more it will go to the British government.

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for the first insertion.

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PROPERTIES.—Their odor is strong, diffusive, and somewhat aromatic, their taste bitterish, and analogous to mint.

MEDICAL PROPERTIES AND USES.—Buchu leaves are gently stimulant, with a peculiar tendency to the Urinary Organs.

They are given in complaints of the Urinary Organs, such as Gravel, Chronic Catarrh of the Bladder, Morbid Irritation of the Bladder and Urethra, Disease of the Prostrate Gland, and Retention or Incontinence of Urine, from a loss of tone in the parts concerned in its evacuation. The remedy has also been recommended in Dyspepsia, Chronic Rheumatism, Cutaneous Affections, and Dropsy.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU is used by persons from the ages of 18 to 25, and from 35 to 55, or in the decline or change of life; after Confinement, or Labor Pains.

In affections peculiar to females, the Extract Buchu is unequalled by any other remedy, as in Chlorosis, or Retention, Irregularity, Painfulness or Suppression of the Customary Evacuations, Ulcerated or Schirrous State of the Uterus, Leucorrhœa, or Whites.

DISEASES OF THE BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL AND DROPSICAL SWELLINGS.—This medicine increases the power of Digestion, and excites the Absorbents into healthy action, by which the Watery or Calcareous depositions, and all Unnatural Enlargements are reduced, as well as Pain and Inflammation.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU has cured every case of Diabetes in which it has been given. Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, and Inflammation of the Kidneys, Ulceration of the Kidneys and Bladder, Retention of Urine, Diseases of the Prostrate Gland, Stone in the Bladder, Calculus, Gravel, Brick-Dust Deposit, and Mucus or Milky Discharges, and for enfeebled and delicate constitutions, of both sexes, attended with the following symptoms: Indisposition to Exertion, Loss of Power, Loss of Memory, Difficulty of Breathing, Weak Nerves, Trembling, Horror of Disease, Wakefulness, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Hot Hands, Flushing of the Body, Dryness of the Skin, Eruption on the Face, Pallid Countenance, Universal Lassitude of the Muscular System, &c.

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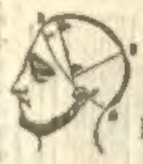

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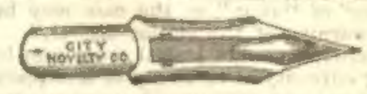

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WIT AND HUMOR.

Could Not See It.

"Doesticks" makes his first contribution to the Drawer as follows:

Coming down from a town that is situated "a small few of distance" up the Harlem Railroad the other day, I was at first annoyed, then amused, by the writhing antics of a green-looking chap who occupied the seat just in front of me. He observed closely every person that came in, scrutinized their dress, manners, style, and conversation, and seemed to solve all social problems to his satisfaction, until at last he began to take a strange and peculiar interest in those posts that are set up at the approach of every station. These are painted white, and bear some of them the letter "W," others "R," that the engineer may "whistle" or "ring," as the case may be, for the warning of the station-master."

My verdant genius looked with ever-increasing curiosity at these mysterious posts. Town after town was passed, station after station slipped by; at every one he beheld the posts with the cabalistic inscriptions; he could make nothing of them. At last cadosity overcame his bashfulness, and he turned to me and asked for an explanation of the puzzling hieroglyphics. I informed him, with all my customary politeness, that the letters were directions to the driver of the engine; when he reached the "W" post he was to *whistle*, while, as he passed the "R," he was to *ring*.

The anxious inquirer turned away with a muttered word of tanks, but presently he turned to me and said:

"Stranger, I s'pose you're right; but blamed if I can understand it. I know that 'W-r-i-n-g' spells 'Ring,' but how you can spell 'Whistle' with an 'R' beats all my district schooling."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Second Washington.

Nasby says:

I commenced being good at a very early age, and built myself up on the best models. I was yet an infant when I read the affecting story of the hacking down of the cherry tree by George Washington, and his manly statement to his father that he could not tell a lie. I read the story, and it filled me with a desire to surpass him. I was not going to allow any such boy as George Washington, if he did afterwards get to be a President, to excel me in the moralities. Immediately I seized an axe, and cut down the most valuable cherry tree my father had; and more, I dug up the roots and burned the branches, so that by no means could the variety be produced, and I went skating one Sunday, so that I might confess the two faults, and be wept over and forgiven on account of my extreme truthfulness. The experiments were, I regret to say, partial failures. I was very much like George Washington, but the trouble was, my father didn't resemble George Washington's father, which was essential to the success of my scheme. "Did you cut down that cherry tree?" asked he. "Father, I cannot tell a lie. I did it with my little hatchet," I answered, striking the proper attitude for the old gentleman to shed tears on me. But he did not shed. He remarked that he had rather I had told a thousand lies than to have cut down that particular tree, and he whipped me till I was in a state of exasperating rawness. My skating idea was no less a failure. I broke through the ice that Sunday and was pulled out with difficulty—and a boat-hook. As I lay sick for a month with a fever, I didn't get a chance to get off the Washington remark.

The Hair Vigor Man.

An Iowa paper says:—"At the funeral of a young man in Des Moines, recently, the services for the dead took place at the dwelling of the parents. After a most pathetic address, which brought tears from all the young ladies present, the minister inquired if any of the dear friends of the deceased wished to say anything on this solemn occasion. A stranger here stepped forward, and, after expressing sympathy with the friends of the deceased, remarked that the ways of Providence were inscrutable, and in this connection he wished to mention that he was the agent for a first-rate article of hair vigor for the state of Iowa. The corpse had used it for years with great advantage, and he confidently recommended it, especially to the minister and undertaker present, as he perceived they were both painfully bald. 'Shake the bottle, gentlemen, and rub the matter well in with a stiff brush,' said he. At this stage of the proceedings a slight disturbance occurred, and the hair vigor man disappeared."

Just the Right Expression.

Human vanity sometimes crops out suddenly in the last circumstances where we should naturally look for it. A distinguished American artist was once visited in his studio by a little party of ladies, all strangers to him. At last they went away, but one of the women soon returned alone. Getting the attention of the artist, she began in the most confidential and winning manner:—"Mr. ——, don't you think that in some future group you may introduce the figure of a widow?" "Of course it is possible, yet not likely. Why do you ask?" "Because I have a picture of myself taken only a month after my husband died, *which has just the right expression*, and I will lend it to you, if you really think you will ever use it."

An Inconsolable Widow.

There was a Dutch woman whose husband, Dietrich Van Pronk, kicked the bucket and left her inconsolable. Folks said grief would kill that widow. She had a figure of wood carved that looked very much like her late husband, in order to be constantly reminded of the dear departed. In about half a year she became interested in a young shoemaker, who finally married her. He had visited the widow not more than a fortnight, when the servants told her they were out of kindling-wood, and asked what should be done. After a pause, the widow replied, in a very quiet way—"Maybe, it ish vell enough now to split up old Van Pronk, vat ish up-stair."

FORGETFULNESS.—It used to be the habit, before the fashion of printing briefs was introduced, and when all the judges sat in banco to hear appeals, etc., for the counsel opening the cause to hand up to the Chief Justice the whole package of briefs for distribution among his associates. One morning Brother L——, having spent the whole night convivially at cards, came into court with his bundle of briefs, and the cause being called which he was to argue, and forgetting that the venue was changed, laid his package on the desk before the Chief Justice, and, after a moment's pause, solemnly and emphatically said, "*Cut!*"

THE GRECIAN BEND.

PEW-OPENER—"Trouble you to step out of the pew, sir, to let this here poor deformed young lady pass in!"

JUDGE NOT.

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar brought from some well-worn field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air that frets thy sight,
May be a token that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise,
May be the slackened angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain;
The depth of the abyss may be,
The measure of the height of pain,
And love and glory, that may raise
This soul to God in after days.

Fine Church Idolatry.

Perhaps I never told you that Saint Rainbow's is in debt. If I have said or implied otherwise I was mistaken, because the fact is that we have not paid for all that stained glass, and those groined arches, and that exquisite carving, and that delicate painting. Indeed, we built a church the cost of which was twenty times greater than our means justified, and we are engaged in paying for it. Do you imagine the consequences? The first is that we must have a preacher who will "draw." We want people to come and take pews at a fine price; and to secure that result we must have a choir of *artistes* also, besides the drawing preacher. And here is more expense to enable us to pay our debt. Then we have concerts and fairs to help lift the load. The young ladies and the matrons are always busy with sewing-meetings and little plots of every kind to make money, and the fathers and husbands are always paying small sums under the smallest pretenses, all for the relief of the church, and the payment of the debt. If I meet a man in the street whose brow is sad, and his eye heavy, and his step languid, I say to myself that he is a member of Saint Rainbow's, and is carrying his share of that noble edifice.

And believe me, dear Lemuel, it is very heavy; it is painfully heavy. It is all stone, you know, laid in the most solid manner; and the weight of a whole cathedral, even when divided among several hundreds of persons, is enormous. Idols! Why, when I see all the young people unable to work for any poor children, unable to teach at the ragged schools, unable to visit the sick and suffering, because all their time and labor must be devoted to making pin-cushions and tidies and mats and slippers, to sell for the relief of the debt of Saint Rainbow's, I am ready to deny that it is Saint Rainbow's, and to declare it to be rather Saint Moloch's or Saint Juggernaut's, so utterly absorbed are all these human energies in devotion to that elaborate cathedral, that painted stone image, while men and women and children are shivering and starving outside. Why, my good, reverend sir, why denounce Polynesia so bitterly, as if it were far over the sea, when it is in the pews beneath you? Nay, when you yourself are the very Polynesian high-priest of idolatry, forever whipping up your parish to sacrifice themselves to the huge stone idol in which, at this moment, you stand and preach?—*Bazar.*

☞ The Lorraine peasant loves to narrate the story of the "Woman of Stenay," who offered a barrel of wine to a detachment of Austrians, saying: "You are thirsty, friends; drink, you are welcome to all my store," drinking, as she spoke, a cupful in their honor. The soldiers accepted with pleasure, and in a few minutes four hundred men were writhing on the ground in agony. Then the "Woman of Stenay" rose, and with her dying gasp, shrieked out, "You are all poisoned! Viva la France!" fell back a corpse. This is the legend of Lorraine, and the memory of its heroine is revered by the peasantry as highly as that of Charlotte Corday.

☞ A HINT TO BAD WRITERS.—This is the way the Advance expresses itself under the influence of an experience that every editor can understand:

"A well-meaning gentleman writing from Newburyport, Mass., last week, made the serious mistake of supposing that the Advance keeps two or three antiquarian scholars sitting round for odd jobs, and also several sooth-sayers and magicians 'waiting for something to turn up.' Otherwise, why did he spill a couple of bottles of ink over a sheet of paper, and then send it to this office, pretending it was an article for the Advance?"

AGRICULTURAL.

Devons for all Purposes.

It is fashionable, on our Illinois prairies, to praise the biggest cattle as the best, and the thoughts of most of our stock-improving farmers are turned to Durhams and their grades as the most desirable cattle. Possibly where beef is the only object, and corn and grass are far away from towns and railroads, and cheap, so that an extra ten bushels of corn or half an acre of grass are hardly worth the reckoning, these may be the best cattle.

But if one wants to get the animal combining the best milking, beef and working qualities for the smallest expense, he should get the Devon. Ten or twelve years ago, desiring to improve my herd of cattle, I was induced to look into the question of the most profitable cattle for the region and latitude of St. Louis. Here is a market near at hand in which all kinds of cattle feed bear a fair price, making economy in feeding a point to be looked into more carefully than it has been on our wasteful grain farms. During the later summer, we have often severe droughts and short pastures, so that heavy feeders require a large acreage for their sustenance. Looking at these points, even if we concede that, with high feeding, the Short-horn is the best, we must prefer the Devon for the common ways of common farmers. But experience goes to show that the smaller animal on the thinner lands will glean a better sustenance and get in better condition, other things being equal, just as in spring, sheep and young cattle will fill themselves from the young grass before the larger animals are able to do so. Over and above this, we may believe, from the experience of those who have bred the Devon and Durham side by side, that there is more assimilation of food and less offal in the Devon, so that a pound of beef represents a smaller amount of feed in the Devon. This, I think is the observation of Col. Horace Capron, our present Commissioner of Agriculture, who has fed the two breeds together. I have not enough experience to pronounce a definite opinion, but I am told by a feeder that some half grade Devon steers which I sold him fed more satisfactorily than the common cattle of the country or grade Short-horns. Fat steers, I find, agreeably disappoint the purchaser whose eye judgment has been formed in the examination of the more leggy and less compact bullocks of other breeds. The beef is better and worth more in the markets than that of the Short-horn, or for that matter, of most other breeds. Several years' experience in the use of the beef of grade animals satisfies me that it is more generally good, animal after animal, than that of other cattle, and most desirable for the farmer who slaughters his own beef. The smoothness and uniformity of the steers impress the purchaser favorably, and make them fancy lots in the markets. Their weak point, if they have one, is a less early maturity, whereby they may not attain a sufficient size at as early an age as the Short-horn.

As milking animals, I find them very satisfactory. The quantity of milk is not the largest, but is nearly as rich as that of the Alderney, and makes butter of equal excellence, though not so high colored. Taking quantity and quality both under consideration, I do not find them inferior to any breed that I have seen or heard of. They are kind, loving animals, like to be petted, but impatient of abuse, and make reliable and gentle milkers. I noticed that Mr. Allen, in his late book on cattle, commends the capabilities of the breed in this respect, as well as others, as among the best.

For a working animal—and I still have faith in the economical value of work-oxen on our large farms at least—the Devon steer's merits are conceded. He is quick, enduring and spirited; and were it not for the difficulty of procuring good specimens of that almost obsolete race—in this part—the ox-driver, I would commend him to all concerned. Worked until about eight years old and then fatted for beef, he makes a profitable animal to the grower.

Beyond these points of merit, I find the Devon a hardier animal than any other of our cattle kind—hardier even than our natives. He endures extremes of cold and heat with an equanimity that his great vitality alone accounts for. The Durham requires special attention to endure our cold winters, and does not thrive in the drought and heat of our summers—but the Devon goes through all, hearty and thriving.

In face of all these facts, it must be conceded that the Devon is not the popular breed. His well-balanced merits of beauty of form and color, excellence of beef, richness of milk, and superiority as a work animal, do not seem to tell against the bigness of the Short-horn. Just as the popular and superficial choice fixes upon the bigness and bright color of fruits as criteria in selection, and purchases, "Big Romanites" in preference to Newtown Pippins, and Concords instead of Delawares, so I sometimes think the big and clumsy draught-horse and the large and artificial Durham are preferred for the very insufficient reason of superior size.

But for many, perhaps most, parts of our country, I am strongly inclined to think that the common farmer who grows cattle for his own use and to sell in the markets, and who is not doing a fancy business in taking premiums at fairs, and selling over-fed calves at exorbitant prices, as breeders, will find the Devon a more profitable animal than the Short-horn. I am afraid it may be considered very heterodox, possibly blasphemous, to say so, but such is the drift of my conclusions thus far, after some experience and some observation.—*W. C. Flagg, in Hearth and Home.*

Feed the Colts and Calves Well.

It is a generally accepted maxim in all stock-feeding that, with growing animals, excessive nourishment is the most profitable. It takes a certain quantity of blood to keep the machine running; so much to supply the waste through the lungs; so much for the waste of the muscles; so much to replace the discarded material of the bones; so much to keep the digestive organs distended. The consumption—the practical destruction—of this amount of food occurs in all cases; as well when the animal remains stationary as to growth, as when it was increasing in weight from day to day. It is from the assimilated food in excess of this waste that all profit comes. The rule is as good for colts as for beef cattle. If they are insufficiently fed, all that is taken up by the digestive organs goes to sustain the vital functions of the animal—is is used up for "running expenses." Every ounce beyond this tells on its growth, and the more ounces it can be made to take up in a day beyond that which the natural wastes of the body demand, the more rapid will be its growth and development; for if the food be of the right kind, and the animal be living under suitable conditions as to exercise, sunlight and fresh air, development will keep pace with growth.

By way of illustration, we will assume that a horse, five years old, has eaten the equivalent of ten tons of hay, and one hundred bushels of oats, and that his present weight is about one-twentieth part the weight of his food. This weight represents all that has been actually saved from a vast amount of food. Of the remainder, all that has been assimilated by the animal has gone for "running expenses." The ten hundred and odd pounds are all the profit that the mill has made. Obviously, if by supplying the material faster we can accumulate the same amount of profit in a shorter time, we shall save the "running expenses" for so long. If it were possible to accumulate the whole weight of body in three years instead of five years, we should save two-fifths of the cost of supporting the animal's life while it is developing to a useful condition. That it is possible to do this, the wonderful races run by horses two years old sufficiently prove. Such immense results as this cannot be hoped for in the case of cold-blooded horses, with whom early maturity has not hitherto been an especial desideratum; but enough can be gained to add greatly to the profit of feeding; and after all, horse-raising is only another means for converting the produce of the soil into a more saleable form. It is within bounds to say (and the statement is sustained by my own observation) that common horses may be grown as large, as strong, and as enduring at the age of three years as they generally are at five.—*Horse Papers in American Agriculturist.* [We see the Germantown Telegraph denies this assertion. It seems to be quite plausible, but as the Telegraph is good authority our readers must judge for themselves.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Walks About the Premises.

The season is upon us when good, hard walks about our dwellings, barns and outhouses generally, are very desirable on many accounts—health, convenience and comfort being among them. How many of our agricultural readers neglect this home duty? How many allow the paths even to their houses to be almost impassable in most weather? And so with the paths to the barn, or different stable-doors, to the hog-pens, cattle-yards, &c.? We have known persons to wade through water, mud and soft manure for eight months in the year, to get at these several places, at the expense of damp feet and nasty boots, instead of providing a footway of stones, coal-ashes or boards, either of which could be made at small expense and a few hours of time in labor. Especially is this neglect to be condemned where the females of the family are the sufferers. We have many times seen the way to the wood-pile, coal-bin, spring-house, chicken-yard and other indispensable points, totally unfit to be used by them. If any one thinks there is any economy in this, he is grievously mistaken. To say nothing as to the loss of time in wading through the mud, the wear-and-tear of shoe-leather and injury to garments would alone pay the entire expense of providing good, dry walks; but when the question of health, of suffering and doctor's bills are taken into account, it ought to be sufficient to drive every negligent, unsympathizing head of a family, whether in town or country, to follow the suggestions herein made. A man who will not look after the reasonable needs and comforts of his household, does not deserve to have a family.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Borers.

These insects are increasing rapidly in many places, and are likely to prove a formidable enemy to apple orchards. Before winter sets in, trees which have been neglected earlier in the season, should be fully examined and cleared of them. Avoid as much as practicable the cutting away of the bark in the necessary preparation for entering the holes, which is done best with a fine annealed wire, or, nearly as well, by a dry flexible twig. Punch into the hole, and after a few trials the operator will become quite familiar with the peculiar feeling when he crushes one of the grubs, so that he may know for a certainty that he has slain his enemy. An active hand will thus clear hundreds of trees in a day, where they have not been neglected so long that the trees are fatally injured by perforations all through the trunk. The work at this time of year should not prevent one or two examinations next summer.—*Country Gentleman.*

THE RIDDLER.

Biblical Enigma.

I am composed of 36 letters.
My 1, 8, 17, 4, 10, 25 was an ancient prophet.
My 5, 15, 32, 28, 20, 9, was a barge of royalty.
My 11, 23, 4, 16, 12, 34, was an ancient town.
My 10, 2, 6, 34, 14, 15, was an ancient queen.
My 21, 34, 28, 1, 10, 6, was an ancient city.
My 22, 4, 7, 8, 20, 21, was an ancient metal.
My 29, 30, 22, 34, 24, 35, was an ancient man.
My 33, 26, 7, 10, 31, 12, was an ancient measure.
My 36, 13, 14, 34, 2, 27, was an ancient prophet.
My whole is a beautiful passage in the Bible.

ISOLA.

Riddle.

My 1st is in sea, but not in tide.
My 2d is in walk, but not in ride.
My 3d is in one, but not in two.
My 4th is in Jane, but not in Sue.
My 5th is in John, but not in Ben.
My 6th is in cave, but not in den.
My 7th is in oats, but not in grain.
My 8th is in dew, but not in rain.
My 9th is in dale, but not in dime.
My 10th is in space, but not in time.
My 11th is in broad, but not in bright.
My 12th is in duke, but not in knight.
My 13th is in sang, but not in song.
My 14th is in short, but not in long.
My 15th is in Ben, but not in Joe.
My 16th is in came, but not in go.
My 17th is in ark, but not in boat.
My 18th is in lark, but not in goat.
My 19th is in goat, but not in good.
My 20th is in fish, but not in food.
My whole is a name quite hard to say—
A town in South America.

Honeytown, Ind. PHILIP.

Probability Problem.

Two men start from the same side of a square field, and walk across it in unknown directions. What is the probability that both men will cross one side of the field?

☞ Send solutions to

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

McKean, Erie Co., Pa.

Problem.

The diameter of a circle is 24 inches. The maximum triangle, right-angled at the diameter, is inscribed within a semicircle. Required—the sides of the triangle.

O. E. SHELDON.

Rockwood, Randolph Co., Ill.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is dough like the sun? Ans.—Because when it rises it is light.

☞ What did Lot do when his wife turned to salt? Ans.—Got a fresh one.

☞ Why does a butcher stick splinters of wood into his meat? Ans.—To s'kew'r it for his customers.

☞ Why is the way of the transgressor hard? Ans.—Because it is so much travelled.

☞ What bad habit does a man contract when he falls into a way of praising everything and everybody? Ans.—He takes to laud'n 'm.

☞ CON. FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN BENIGHTED AFRICA.—Why would Cæsar have made a fine novelist? Ans.—Because he was a great Roman—Sir.

☞ Why is Gibraltar one of the most wonderful places in the world? Ans.—Because it's always on the rock, but never moves.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA.—

"'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose
A veil of moss the angel threw—
And, robed in Nature's simplest weed,
Could there a flower that rose exceed?"

RIDDLE.—Swallow.

RECEIPTS.

COMMUNICATED RECEIPTS.—Having a scrap book full of choice receipts taken from THE POST during the last twenty years, I would like to add a mite toward helping others in the same way.

Glass bottles or jars for canning fruit may be used without greatly heating them in any way. Dip a thick towel in cold water, wring it out lightly, fold it several times and stand your glass jar upon the wet towel. You can then fill it with boiling fruit and syrup without danger of breaking it. I tried it first with fear and trembling, but have never yet broken one. It will not do to have a tin funnel resting in the mouth of the jar or bottle.

SOUP.—Thick soups require more seasoning than thin. Never allow the soup to stand in an iron pot a moment after it is removed from the fire; strain immediately through a cloth laid in a colander into a clean stone jar. When it is necessary to use a soup the same day, to facilitate the process of separating the grease, dip the cloth in cold water.

To make soup transparent, beat the whites of two eggs with their shells with a little cold water, (this will clear a gallon of broth,) and add by stirring hard. As soon as the broth is sufficiently cooled, remove the "top pot," as the fat is called. This may be taken off in a cake, and is particularly useful for frying purposes.

For thickening soups, you may use bread crumbs, flour, potatoes, peas, beans, rice or eggs. They should be added before the soup is strained, that the consistency may be uniform.

To give body to a clear soup, use gelatine, tapioca or eggs.

For a rich brown soup, use burnt sugar. Grated carrots make a very handsome colored broth.

Sippets of bread cut in the shape of diamonds and fried a bright brown are often thrown into clear soups.

Vegetables should be cut in small dice and added just long enough before the time for seasoning to cook them.

An onion stuck full of cloves gives dark soups a rich flavor.

ICING TARTS.—Beat the white of an egg till stiff, and when your tart is half baked take it from the oven, brush it over with the egg, and sift white sugar (not very fine) thickly over it as you put it again into the oven to complete the baking process.

HANSON'S SHOE BLACKING.—3 oz. of ivory black, 1 oz. oil vitriol, 1 oz. of sweet oil, 1 pint of molasses, 1 gallon of vinegar.